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FARM BALLADS.

By WILL M. CARLETON.

OUT OF THE OLD HOUSE, NANCY.

Out of the old house, Nancy—moved up into the new;
All the hurry and worry is just as good as through.
Only a bounden duty remains for you and I—
And that's to stand on the door-step, here, and bid the old house good-by.

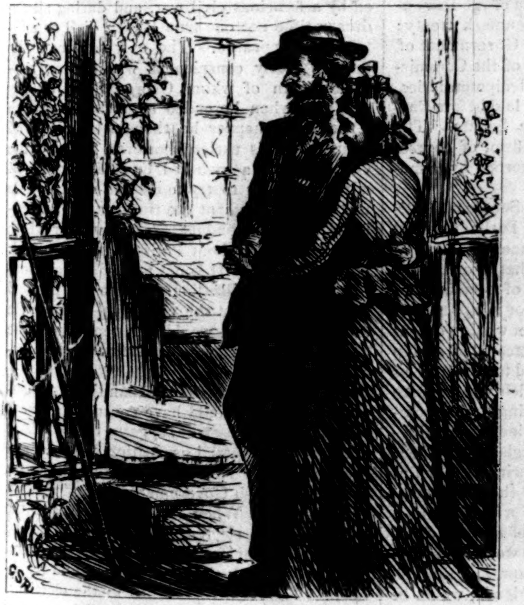
What a shell we've lived in, these nineteen or twenty years!
Wonder it hadn't smashed in, and tumbled about our ears;
Wonder it's stuck together, and answered till to-day;
But every individual log was put up here to stay.

Things looked rather new, though, when this old house was built;
And things that blossomed you would 've made some women wilt;
And every other day, then, as sure as day would break,
My neighbor Ager come this way, invitin' me to "shake."

And you, for want of neighbors, was sometimes blue and sad,
For wolves and bears and wild-cats was the nearest ones you had;
But lookin' ahead to the clearin', we worked with all our might,
Until we was fairly out of the woods, and things was goin' right.

Look up there at our new house!—ain't it a thing to see?
Tall and big and handsome, and new as new can be;
All in apple-pie order, especially the shelves,
And never a debt to say but what we own it all ourselves.

Look at our old log-house—how little it now appears!
But it's never gone back on us for nineteen or twenty years;
An' I won't go back on it now, or go to pokin' fun—
There's such a thing as praisin' a thing for the good that it has done.



"AND BID THE OLD HOUSE GOOD-BY."

Probably you remember how rich we was that night,
When we was fairly settled, an' had things snug and tight:
We feel as proud as you please, Nancy, over our house that's new,
But we felt as proud under this old roof, and a good deal prouder, too.

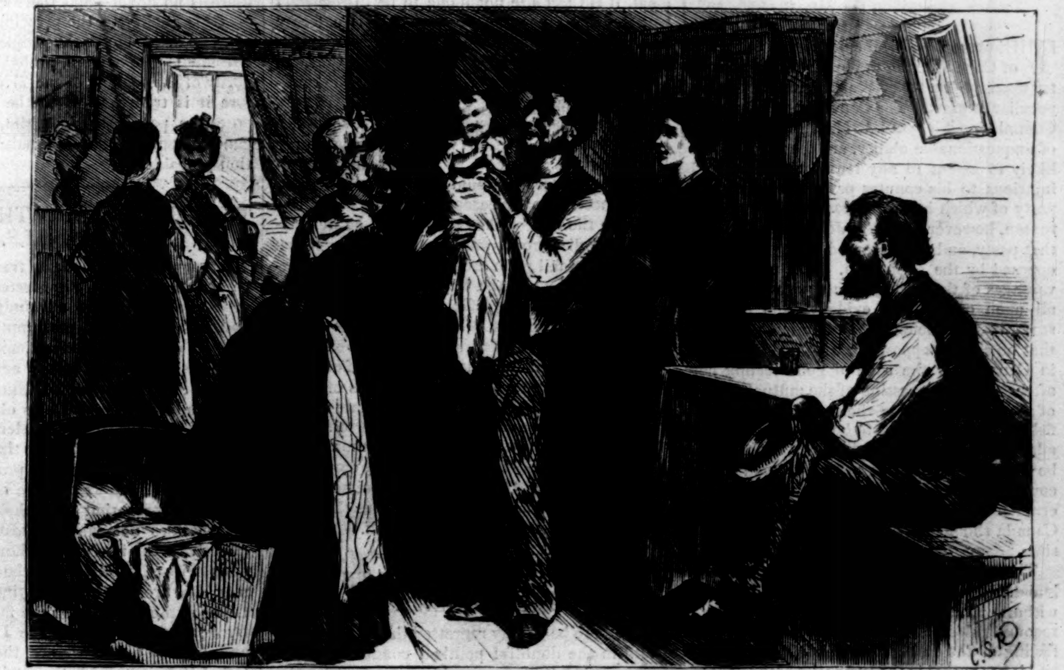
Never a handsomer house was seen beneath the sun:
Kitchen and parlor and bedroom—we had 'em all in one;
And the fat old wooden clock that we bought when we come West,
Was tickin' away in the corner there, and doin' its level best.

Trees was all around us, a-whisperin' cheering words;
Loud was the squirrel's chatter, and sweet the songs of birds;
And home grew sweeter and brighter—our courage began to mount—
And things looked hearty and happy then, and work appeared to count.

And here one night it happened, when things was goin' bad,
We fell in a deep old quarrel—the first we ever had;
And when you give out and cried, then I, like a fool, give in,
And then we agreed to rub all out, and start the thing ag'in.

Here it was, you remember, we sat when the day was done,
And you was a-makin' clothing *that wasn't for either one;*
And often a soft word of love I was soft enough to say,
And the wolves was howlin' in the woods not twenty rods away.

Then our first-born baby—a regular little joy,
Though I fretted a little because it wasn't a boy:
Wa'n't she a little flirt, though, with all her pouts and smiles?
Why, settlers come to see that show a half a dozen miles.



"SETTLERS COME TO SEE THAT SHOW A HALF A DOZEN MILES."

Yonder sat the cradle—a homely, home-made thing,
And many a night I rocked it, providin' you would sing;
And many a little squatter brought up with us to stay—
And so that cradle, for many a year, was never put away.

How they kept a-comin', so cunnin' and fat and small!
How they growed! 'twas a wonder how we found room for 'em all;
But though the house was crowded, it empty seemed that day
When Jennie lay by the fire-place, there, and moaned her life away.

And right in there the preacher, with Bible and hymn-book stood,
"'Twixt the dead and the living," and "hoped 'twould do us good;"
And the little whitewood coffin on the table there was set,
And now as I rub my eyes it seems as if I could see it yet.

Then that fit of sickness it brought on you, you know;
Just by a thread you hung, and you e'en-a'most let go;
And here is the spot I tumbled, an' give the Lord his due,
When the doctor said the fever'd turned, an' he could fetch you through.

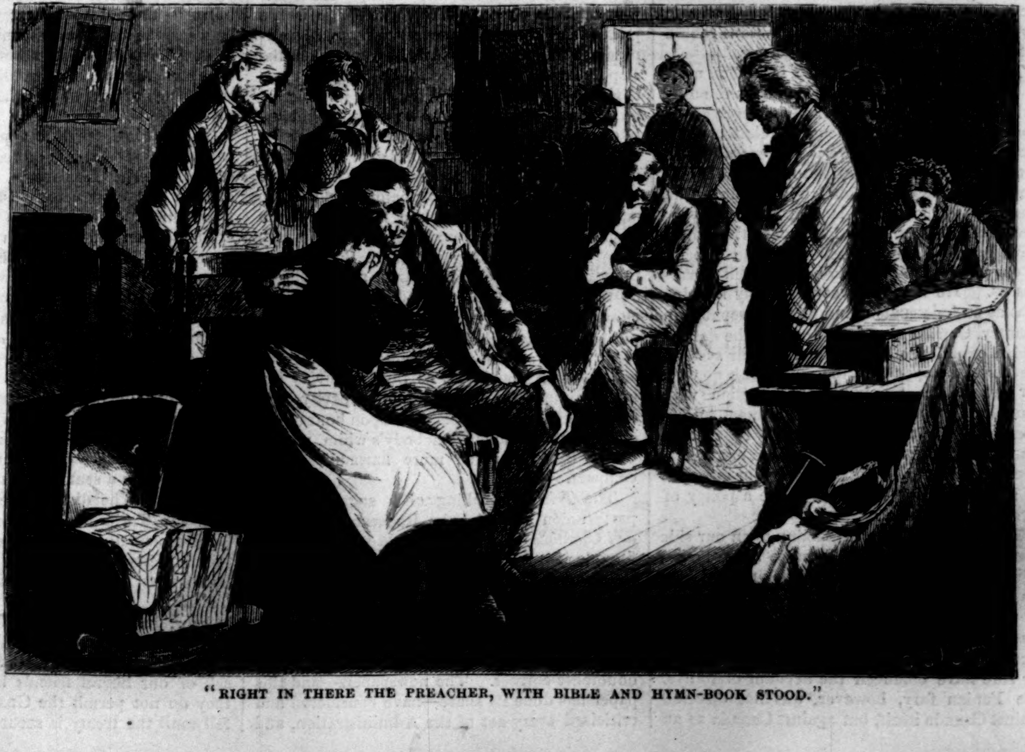
Yes, a deal has happened to make this old house dear:
Christenin's, funerals, weddin's—what haven't we had here?
Not a log in this buildin' but its memories has got,
And not a nail in this old floor but touches a tender spot.

Out of the old house, Nancy—moved up into the new;
All the hurry and worry is just as good as through;
But I tell you a thing right here, that I ain't ashamed to say,
There's precious things in this old house we never can take away.

Here the old house will stand, but not as it stood before:
Winds will whistle through it, and rains will flood the floor;
And over the hearth, once blazing, the snow-drifts oft will pile,
And the old thing will seem to be a-mournin' all the while.

Fare you well, old house! you're naught that can feel or see,
But you seem like a human being—a dear old friend to me;
And we never will have a better home, if *my* opinion stands,
Until we commence a-keepin' house in the house not made with hands.

—*From the Toledo Blade.*



"RIGHT IN THERE THE PREACHER, WITH BIBLE AND HYMN-BOOK STOOD."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, June 3, 1871.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

Harper's Weekly contains one-third more reading matter, a larger number of Illustrations, and is conspicuously better Edited and Printed than any other Illustrated Newspaper. Its circulation is more than double that of any similar publication.

☞ *The* SUPPLEMENT *to this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains an article on* **The Darien Ship-Canal Expedition,** *with eight splendid illustrations from original sketches, together with a* Map of the Proposed Route; *another chapter of the* "Memories of Distinguished Authors," *giving an interesting sketch of* Amelia Opie, *with illustrations; the concluding chapters of* Mrs. Linton's *novelette, the* "Todhunters' at Loanin' Head;" *a characteristic scene in a* German Picture-Gallery; *and other features of popular interest.*

CANADA.

The present political situation and prospects of Canada make the opinion of that country upon the Treaty of Washington a subject of peculiar interest. The Canadian member of the Commission, Sir John A. Macdonald, is a man of unquestionable ability, and he would not be likely to assent to any terms which would be injurious to his country or to the government party of which he is the leader. For the very reason, however, that Sir John is a leader of that party, and has assented to the treaty, it is opposed by the opposition. But that the advantages of the arrangements proposed are not all upon one side is evident from a careful study of the document, and it is to be hoped that no serious opposition will be finally shown in Canada, for the sake of good feeling hereafter. If the concession of the mutual freedom of the fisheries, and of the free trade in fish and fish-oil, should appear to be onerous upon Canada, the United States will pay a difference, to be determined, and the money so paid will, of course, be left with Canada by the British Government. But there are general reasons why Canada should view the treaty as kindly as possible.

The policy of the British Government is colonial freedom. The troops have been wholly withdrawn from Canada, and the country is recommended to form an army for itself. The feeling of the British cabinet is unmistakable, and it has probably the sympathy of the country. The Marquis of Normanby, indeed, lately made a speech upon his departure for Queensland as Governor, in which he said that he hoped the links between the colony and the mother country would be more closely drawn than ever. The *Spectator* says that Lord Kimberley, the Secretary for the Colonies, who was present, must have been rather astonished, because, it adds, this has not lately been the wish of the Foreign Office. The *Spectator*, however, thinks that it is the sentiment of Great Britain, but it differs from authorities quite as competent to measure that sentiment. What the Tories might do, should they come into power, is not certain, but it is very evident that separation is the policy of Mr. Gladstone's government. "The solitary link that now binds us to the mother-land," says the Hamilton *Times*, "is the appointment by England of our Governor-General." And it is rumored that Lord Lisgar, the present Governor-General, will be succeeded by a Canadian appointed by the home Government; if, indeed, the Canadians should not be authorized to elect a Governor.

The independence of Canada, therefore, must be considered imminent; and perhaps the only serious perplexity in conceding it at once arises from doubts as to its subsequent relations with the United States. There is no general desire in the country for annexation to us. The Canadian is an extreme Englishman in feeling. The traditions of the mother-land and race are very powerful with him. Besides, every thoughtful Canadian sees with apprehension the ferocity of our politics, and the corruption which threatens us. He may also very naturally imagine that as an independent and virtually republican country, Canada may avoid some of the defects which experience has disclosed in our system. Becoming independent, therefore, with no wish for annexation, the important question with Canada is the tone of public sentiment in this country. Is it hostile or friendly? Would Canada have any thing to fear from aggression upon our side? Would any party, for instance, to secure the Irish vote, advocate a policy of forcible annexation?

That there has been ill feeling upon our side toward Canada is true. It arose from the peculiarly bitter tone of the Canadian press during the war, and from the use of Canada as a base for rebel raids. But this feeling has very much passed away, and every sensible citizen of this country knows that the Fenian incursions from our side have balanced the account of forays. The Fenian fury, however, was not directed against Canada itself, but against Canada as an exposed flank of England. If Canada were separated from England, and quietly pursued her course as an independent neighboring nation, although the question of ultimate union would undoubtedly be entertained upon both sides, the result would be left wholly to time. Any threat, any hint of coercion, would not only properly alienate the united sentiment of Canada, but it would encounter the resolute opposition of the intelligence and honor of this country. If, therefore, apprehension of danger from the United States delays the accomplishment of Canadian independence, it may be peremptorily dismissed as chimerical.

But if this be the present situation, it would be unfortunate that the treaty should be endangered by Canadian opposition. Here is an opportunity which is seldom offered to great nations, and still more seldom improved, of restoring harmony to the English-speaking countries, and thereby securing the more satisfactory development of free institutions. Here is a treaty which is evidently the work of men honestly seeking a fair agreement. It is not the result of a contest of jealousy nor of any unworthy emotion. It is not the settlement of a war in which a victor treats with the vanquished, and it is therefore not liable to be disregarded at the first favorable moment. It is a treaty in which civilization itself is interested—in which all sides have made concessions, in which, consequently, no one has gained unfair advantages, and which, for that reason, each party should try to ratify, not so mindful of possible objections which each might urge as of the great benefits which all secure.

If such a treaty should be rejected, the consequences are not pleasant to contemplate. But just in the degree that they would be disturbing and disastrous would be the condemnation that would fall upon those who procured the rejection. And if the happy settlement of the grave and menacing difficulty between the United States and Great Britain, which was the ugliest legacy of the war, should be prevented by Canada, except upon the plainest proof of wrong done to her, the feeling of the friends of Canadian independence in the United States would obviously not be such as Canada herself would desire. For there is no doubt that those in this country who would most tenaciously oppose any hint of bullying Canada by the United States are those who most earnestly desire the ratification of the Treaty of Washington.

THE PEOPLE AND THE PRESIDENT.

It is to be deeply regretted that at this time, and in the doubtful political condition of this State, the *Tribune* should pronounce so decidedly against the renomination of General Grant. It says, indeed, editorially, that the whole subject should be left to the decision of the Convention, and apparently thinks that the matter should not be discussed until then. But no paper which knows the necessary importance to a party of good nominations should decline to help it by urging betimes the claims of those whom it believes not only fit but available, and equally of opposing those which it thinks undesirable. The real feeling of a paper in regard to any public man, even when its words are guarded, is unmistakable; and the *Tribune*, we presume, is at no pains to conceal that it does not favor the renomination of General Grant, and that in the party dissensions in this State it is friendly to Senator Fenton and hostile to Senator Conkling.

For those dissensions we hold no individual responsible. They are due to the wretched system of the civil service, which, while it exists, enslaves us all. While patronage is the principle of that service every party will be exposed to the mischief which has overtaken the Republicans in New York. So long as there is patronage the party murmurs at its chief if he does not use it; and if he does, it jealously complains. "I have been a Republican [or Democrat, as the case may be] ever since there was such a party," is a constant cry; "I have never asked for any thing before, and if the party won't give me such a miserably mean drop as this, I'll have nothing more to do with it." It is humiliating to reflect that if it is proposed to harmonize a party, as the phrase is, the only practical method suggested is an equal division of patronage. It is plunder, not principle, which makes intestine party trouble. If the system were swept away, and civil officers were appointed, as they ought to be, upon grounds of character and capacity, and official tenure were dependent upon honest efficiency, and not upon somebody's whim, parties would be very much more harmonious and compact.

The *Tribune*, speaking of a suggestion for party union made by the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle*, says that it would be much more forcible if it did not insist that Senator Conkling should be re-elected, and General Grant renominated; and the *Tribune* thinks that a correspondent is mistaken in supposing that while the newspapers oppose Grant the people support him. But the correspondent is undoubtedly correct. The newspapers—and this paper has done its share—have considered and criticised every act of the Administration, and its general policy. But the press has unquestionably taught the people a certain distrust of newspapers. Sharp censure, violent denunciation, mean insinuation, have so often proved to be either unfounded or interested that the wary reader reserves his opinion. He does not believe that the President is a fool because he reads it in one paper, nor a knave because he reads it in another.

The general opinion of the President—the people's opinion—is, we think, that he is a plain, honest man, who means to do his duty as faithfully and patriotically in the cabinet as he did it in the field; whose administration has been efficient, satisfactory, and creditable, diminishing the debt, reducing taxation, restoring the Union, and honorably and peacefully settling the most threatening foreign difficulty. The President's manly message upon the San Domingo question has removed any party irritation upon that point, and the Ku-Klux bill, which the *Tribune* approves, is undoubtedly generally approved also by the people, although severely criticised in many papers. Undoubtedly General Grant is not considered to be a good "party" President. But that does not weaken him with the country so long as there is no doubt—and there certainly is none—of his fidelity to the principles of the party. This we believe to be the people's opinion of the President—the opinion, probably, of a vast majority of the readers of the *Tribune;* and therefore it is true that while the newspapers oppose, the people support him, and it is that general confidence which makes his renomination probable.

THE TREATY AND THE ENGLISH LIBERALS.

The protest against the treaty by a certain party in each country interested shows that the concessions, like the advantages, are mutual, and is the strongest presumptive proof of the fairness of the proposed settlement. Objections are urged in New England against the fishery clauses; the organ of Mr. Brown, the opposition leader in Canada, also objects; and Earl Russell objects to any settlement upon rules of law not recognized at the time. The Senate of the United States will probably ratify the treaty. It is, however, one of the infelicities of our system that the whole treaty-making power does not initiate treaties, and, consequently, if the ratifying authority is at political odds with the initiating, the best of treaties may fail from the worst kind of opposition. Other nations have seen the fate of the Reverdy Johnson treaty and the Denmark treaty; and, warned by experience, the Government of Great Britain regards the work of the Commission not as a binding act of its plenipotentiaries, but as a mere proposition to be laid before Parliament as well as before the Senate. The usual British practice is to confirm, of course, the act of the agent, who is governed by immediate instructions.

While it is probable that the Senate will ratify, there can be no doubt that Parliament will do so if the Gladstone Government remains in power. The continuance of that Government becomes, therefore, a question of peculiar moment to the United States. For it is, at least, doubtful whether a Tory cabinet would consent to express its regret for the escape of a ship whose departure it cheered, and to recognize as a basis of settlement rules which would make its Parliamentary conduct during the war odious. But the Gladstone cabinet is the Government of our friends in England—of those who accept with us the great principles of liberty and progress, and who see the indispensability to their development of a hearty union between the better sentiment of the two countries. The fall of that cabinet would be at any time a misfortune. But its fall now, and through the agency of part of its own friends, would be deplorable.

Yet that is the present apprehension. From various causes—partly of temperament, partly of policy—Mr. Gladstone, one of the purest of men and most accomplished of statesmen, who came into power by an immense majority at an election called by his rival, has lost command of the situation. His ascendency is threatened by a body of his own supporters of the most liberal opinions, who are impatient of some of his methods and projects and associations. What, for instance, in view of the political history of the last ten years in England, could be more preposterous than Mr. Robert Lowe as Chancellor of the Exchequer in Mr. Gladstone's cabinet—Mr. Lowe, who was the chief ally of Mr. Disraeli in his defeat of Mr. Gladstone's suffrage bill, and who would very willingly take a seat in a Disraeli cabinet to-morrow? The discontented liberals, uniting with the Tories, have already compelled the Government to surrender their budget; and if they humiliate the ministry much oftener Mr. Gladstone may proudly retire or dissolve Parliament.

Now, in consideration of the immense importance to both nations of the ratification of the treaty, we in this country have a right to ask of our liberal friends in Parliament that they do not permit the Gladstone cabinet to fall until the treaty is secured. The ministry represents the people of England who trusted and befriended us during our struggle, and whom the intelligent and loyal people of the United States gratefully remember. The suggestion of the President, honorably made in the interest of peace and good feeling, was as honorably received by that cabinet, and it sent Commissioners known for their regard for America, who met Commissioners upon our side as able and disinterested as could have been appointed. The result we see. It is what it should be. The treaty is made by those in England who are friendly to us. Let them take care that their work, in which—as we have said in speaking of Canada—humanity and liberty are concerned, is not endangered by their own action. It is a fraternal work, which should be consummated by those who believe in it and who have begun it. And while the treaty is pending, should a minority of liberals in the House of Commons unite with the Tories to overthrow the Gladstone cabinet, their friends in the United States—those who would confirm a real friendship between the countries—could not but feel that they had been betrayed, and that the desire of an effective amity in England was not such as we in this country now believe it to be.

THE COLUMN AND THE COMMUNE.

Nothing could be more characteristic and absurd than the demolition of the Vendôme column in Paris. Only there, only in the "Capital of Civilization," was it possible that while the foe was thundering triumphant at the gates, and brave soldiers were falling upon the walls, the patriots safe within the city should be laboriously carting dung to spread in the street for the column to fall upon in double disgrace; and while ladies drove out in carriages to the spectacle, and balconies and windows were thronged, that the monument of Austerlitz and Marengo—names that thrilled the French heart of the last generation—should be ignominiously leveled. The incident needed only one last touch of ridicule, and that it received. For when the tackle used by the engineer to drag down the column broke, the crowd were indignant, and vehemently declared him to be a traitor! So much folly with so earnest a feeling were never united before.

Indeed, the fall of the column is symbolical. France has apparently fallen as prostrate. A foreign war, in which she was utterly conquered, impoverished, and dismembered, is followed by a ferocious civil war, and during all the dreary time not one true leader, civil or military, has appeared. The only new man who became really conspicuous was Gambetta—a harlequin of whom George Sand bitterly says that when he ended a proclamation with a rhetorical snapper he thought he had saved France. It is useless, however, to decry the Commune as a mob led by café waiters and adventurers, or to try to dispose of the whole matter by a laugh at the transcendent absurdity of Parisian conduct. The civil war which has been raging about Paris for many weeks is not a mere riot. It is not merely anarchy contending with civilization. There is a political significance under the confusion—a real wish in what Carlyle would call the inarticulate chaos, and that should be remembered in justice to the Parisians.

When the empire fell at Sedan the Provisional Government should have consulted France, or, as a shrewd observer suggests, it should have declared the imperial usurpation at an end, and the republic of 1848 restored. But it was a weak and selfish Government, loving itself, not the country. When it disappeared, and the Assembly was elected, there were two radical political tendencies in the country—one central and monarchical, the other federal and republican. The former prevailed in the elections, and the final result was foreshadowed—a strong centralized Government seated in Paris. But this was not yet assured, for the Thiers Government is purely provisional. It was instituted for two purposes: to declare for continued war or peace with Germany, and to call an Assembly which should determine the permanent form of the French government. The elections, however, did indicate that that form would not be federal.

The party of the Commune holds that peace is impossible in France so long as there is a central Government in Paris, supported by the ignorant and priest-ridden rural population which sustained the empire, and opposed by all the town population; and it proposes, therefore, a kind of federal system, by which the country shall be divided into communes, leagued for certain general purposes, but independent in all details of government. Without such a system, it says, France has nothing before it but the incessant revolution of the last eighty years. The practicability of such a system may be doubted; the wrong of asserting it at this time, and by civil war, is apparent. But it is, nevertheless, the question for France; for a single supreme government, with Paris as its capital, is necessarily a centralized government resting upon the army.

The fault of the Commune party is that it does not see that its system must, upon its own principles, depend upon common consent. If the people of France, by a vast majority, prefer the centralized to the communal system, it may be a mistake; but upon what republican ground are they to be forced to adopt another policy? The people of France who live in the city of Paris are not changed by that fact, and upon any popular theory Paris enjoys such peculiar rights as the whole people of France choose to bestow. The political attitude of the Commune is that of an attempt of the minority to coerce the majority by arms. Paris declares that she wishes to govern herself, or, as Mr. Frederic Harrison says in the *Fortnightly Review*, she asks only not to issue decrees to France, nor to submit to plebiscites from France. But does she declare her independence of France? If yes, she is logical in her resistance to Versailles. If no, she is condemned upon her own principles. The fight of the Commune, therefore, is not a wanton riot, an intentional anarchy: it is a blind and bloody protest against centralization. But it is doubly wrong, because not only is the Versailles Government that of the people of France, but it is a provisional Government, and therefore the appointments, which were made the occasion of the war, are in their nature temporary. Indeed, upon every ground it is indefensible; but its significance lies in the conviction that federalization is essential to the peace and prosperity of France.

WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN?

Perhaps the Senate of the United States did not see, in the late debate upon the publication of the Treaty of Washington, that, as Mr. Thurman truly stated, it was really the State Department which was upon trial. The day before the text of the treaty was printed in the *Tribune* its substance had been published to the whole country. The *Tribune*, therefore, added nothing whatever to public knowledge upon the subject. That had been imparted by the Department, and very wisely; for it is, upon every ground, desirable that the country, as well as the Senate, should ratify the treaty; and the good influence of such a cordially unanimous approval as its publication evoked is incalculable. The English and the Americans now see the disposition of each other, and perceive that it is really friendly. Indeed, the rejection of the treaty by the Senate would be received with great indignation by the country; and, as there was no moral obligation to conceal its terms when it was signed, its publication was a stroke of sagacity for which the State Department is to be praised.

As for contempt and dignity, and the questions upon which the Senate spent so much precious time that should rather have been given to the treaty, we can only say, with Mr. Sumner, *cui bono?* The Senate may certainly endeavor to ascertain whether any of its members has been dishonorable in his Senatorial position. But as it knows that, if it can not ascertain the fact by inquiry, it will not discover it by imprisonment, it should not proceed farther. In this case the presumption was wholly against the theory that the information came from a Senator. As Mr. Wilson remarked, the State Department was evidently desirous that the contents of the treaty should be known; and the Printing Department was, of course, aware of that disposition. It could hardly have seemed to somebody in that department a very heinous offense to offer to supply the text to a newspaper which would pay liberally for it. And in some such way, probably, the text of a treaty with whose provisions every body was already familiar was laid before the public.

"THE MOST SCRUPULOUS OF SIGNERS."

It is shameful that the Governor of New York should not have refused to sign the bill amending the code the moment that he was made aware of its character. It is a bill which gives the judges of courts of record the common-law authority to punish for contempt of court. That is to say, it authorizes such judges to determine what is a contempt, and to punish the offender at discretion; so that a newspaper writer, for censuring the conduct of a judge, may be imprisoned by the judge for life, and deprived of his fortune. The bill further provides that actions brought against a corporation or any of its officers, by a stockholder, must be tried in the county where the principal office of the corporation is situated. The consequences of such a law to the rural stockholders in companies whose chief office is in the city of New York is evident enough. And this is Democratic regard for justice and liberty.

Readers out of the city and State may not understand the object of such an outrageous law. But it is very simple. The explanation is that of all recent New York legislation. It is the increase of the power and plunder of the Tammany Ring, which aims at the control of the country. There are certain notoriously corrupt judges upon the bench, whose services are essential to the Ring, and who must be armed with powers of vengeance upon those who oppose them. Then the Tammany Ring is in alliance with the Erie Ring, whose operations are familiar to the public. The Erie Ring wishes to secure an immunity for all its acts, and this bill compels the trial of causes against it before the judges whom it owns. More unprincipled and perilous legislation was never known. Nobody had asked for such a law. Nobody knew that it had passed, and its purpose was so veiled that nobody perceived it. Only by chance was public attention directed to it, and in a moment its whole scope was understood. The Republican press forcibly exposed it. The Bar Association denounced it, and a deputation, with Mr. Evarts, the President of the Association, at its head, waited upon the Governor to request him to withhold his signature to such a bill of abominations.

The *World* says that Governor Hoffman is "the most faithful of executive officers, the most scrupulous of signers, the most unhesitating of vetoers." But as the *World* also says that "if there is any thing he ought to covet, it is an opportunity to rectify the mistake he made in approving that piece of knavery [the Erie bill], and making it a law," its praise of this most "scrupulous of signers" is not very effective. As we write, it is still uncertain whether the Governor will sign the bill. If he does, this "most faithful of executive officers, the most scrupulous of signers," with the Erie bill in one hand, and the Amended Code bill in the other, will be the most dishonored figure in the long line of New York governors.

HUMOR IN POLITICS.

The opinions of Mr. Vallandigham are only important as being those of the most malignant of Copperheads during the war, who would gladly have seen the government overthrown and the supremacy of slavery assured. Six years having elapsed since the surrender at Appomattox, Mr. Vallandigham has ascertained that the Union has been maintained and slavery abolished, and he suspects that the country has no present intention of undoing the work of the war as embodied in the settlements. He has, therefore, issued a manifesto, which his friends of the Mobile *Register* and others of the same sympathy will ruefully ponder. It is an exceedingly lively and discursive document, which might be summarized in this manner:

> *Whereas* the Democratic party is composed of those who during the late war were active or passive supporters of the rebellion; and whereas it is reasonable to assume that the opinions of these persons are unchanged; and whereas a rational toleration does not require that any body should not continue to hold those opinions—therefore resolved, that being of opinion that the war was a wicked and unconstitutional assault upon constitutional rights, and the settlement a tyrannical usurpation, we cordially invite all Republicans to unite with us in accepting the amendments as valid, and in restoring us to power.

Mr. Vallandigham proceeds to resolve that the late amendments have enlarged the powers of the national government, and to pledge the Democratic party to "the enforcement of the Constitution as it now is, so as to secure equal rights to all persons without distinction of race, color, and condition," and then protests against the legislation of Congress to secure those rights—a protest which, from Mr. Vallandigham, is like the resolutions of his friends during the rebellion, which approved the war and denounced all measures for carrying it on. Finally, he resolves that the Republican party is no longer the Republican party nor the Union party, but merely an administration party. But he happily refrains from resolving that the Democratic is really the Republican party, leaving that great truth to the imagination of the reader.

This manifesto of Mr. Vallandigham is a "feeler." The utter absurdity and hopelessness of the Democratic position are apparent even to him, and he therefore proposes this humorous acknowledgment of the facts of the situation. But he does not save himself, nor can he save his party. For the case is very simple. The country will maintain the settlements. The Southern wing of the Democratic party denounces them. The Northern wing agrees that they are unlawful and abominable, but begs the Southern brothers to keep quiet to tide over the election. The Republican party, which made the settlements, is a unit in their maintenance. Why, then, should the country choose the party which contains all the elements of hostility to the amendments, and which either declares it or keeps silence merely to obtain power? The question of the campaign of 1872 will be, which is the greater risk for the country—the re-opening of the issues of reconstruction, or the continued ascendency of the Republican party? For, even if the Democratic Convention should declare its acquiescence, the country knows exactly the elements of the party, and that four years ago its Convention pronounced the settlements unconstitutional, revolutionary, and void.

LITERARY.

Harper's Magazine for June is in every respect a model number, varied and entertaining in its literary contents, rich in illustrations, and in typographical appearance superior to any similar publication in this country. The principal attractions are Mr. William Allen Butler's humorous sketch in verse, with illustrations by S. C. Reinhart; Colonel T. B. Thorpe's description of the New York Custom-house, also fully illustrated; and "An Excursion to Watkins Glen," with illustrations by our old friend "Porte Crayon;" but there is not a dull or indifferent page from beginning to end. The stories and general articles are all excellent, and the several editorial departments—the "Easy Chair," the "Literary Record," the "Scientific Record," the "Historical Record," and the "Editor's Drawer"—display all the characteristic qualities which, for so many years, have helped to make *Harper's* a favorite in the household and with travelers by sea and land. It is one of the peculiarities of this magazine that, while all the volumes have a certain family likeness, each separate number, like the different members of a household, has a distinct character of its own. The May number was entirely unlike the April, the June unlike the May, and that for July will be still another pleasant surprise to the reader. In short, no two successive numbers are alike, except in general features; and the only thing one is absolutely sure about, in buying *Harper's*, is that one will always find it entertaining and instructive, and worth more than double the money paid for it.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

According to the San Francisco papers, a French gentleman, M. Alphonse Pinart, has just left on the schooner *Amanda Ajer* for Alaska, where he proposes to examine the Aleutian Islands, and thence proceed to the more northern portion of the Territory. His object is understood to be connected with the study of natural history, although we are not informed in what particular direction his tastes lie.

Dr. Hayden is at present busily engaged in fitting out his expedition for geological work during the present summer, in continuation of his labors of the past year, and of which we have already given an account. He will start from Cheyenne, in all probability, in a week or two; and of his further movements we hope to give due notice to our readers.

Considerable attention has lately been excited in England by the fact that certain spots on the sun have been visible there to the naked eye. This was observed during a dense fog on the 3d of March last, which acted as a dark glass, and revealed the existence of two black spots of nearly equal size, and rather close together. In Sheffield the smoky condition of the atmosphere acted in a similar manner, and showed the same spots.

Lord Walsingham, a young English nobleman, has lately arrived in the United States, for the purpose of prosecuting some investigations into the natural history of the far West. He is especially interested in the micro-lepidoptera, certain diminutive forms of moths, of which the common clothes-moth is a familiar example, although most of the species belong to plants, their larvæ feeding mainly upon the leaves. This gentleman expects to spend a number of months in California, and to return thence in the autumn, and proceed southward along the Rocky Mountain chain into Mexico. Such tastes are quite common among the English nobility, among whom we may mention, in addition to Lord Walsingham, Lord Walden, one of the most eminent of British ornithologists, and Lord Lilford, and others. We are informed that Earl De Grey, of the Joint High Commission at Washington, is the possessor of an extensive collection of coleoptera, and has found leisure to devote some time to his favorite pursuit in the United States. We may also mention the late Earl of Derby, whose share in the establishment of the Liverpool Museum is well known. Physical science, too, has its votaries among the nobility, as is shown by the example of Lord Rosse, who has distinguished himself in the department of astronomy.

The Harrisburg papers report unusual success on the part of the shad fisheries at Columbia, in Pennsylvania, the estimate being that the number taken will reach 100,000 before the end of the season—of this number over 20,000 have been actually secured, when the fishing season has but just commenced in that locality: 2500 shad were recently taken at one time, being the largest haul for the last ten years. The fish sell readily at from thirty to thirty-five dollars per hundred. The reason for this increase in the supply of shad is ascribed to the removal of nearly all the fish-baskets in the river, which had for many years prevented the young fish from getting down to tide-water in the fall. There seems no good reason why, if the obstructions higher up the river were removed, with a reasonable amount of care and protection in the future, the Susquehanna may not in a few years be as well stocked with shad as it was in traditional times, when even the small tributaries along its entire course, up to its head, furnished an abundance of this capital fish. The present state of the fisheries seems to be in decided contrast with that which we have reported in regard to the Rappahannock, where the largest haul of the season amounted to only ninety-six shad.

The Atlantic cable brings us the notice of the death, on the 12th of May, at the age of seventy-nine, of Sir J. F. W. Herschel, the eminent English astronomer. Of his high position among scientific men it is hardly necessary for us to remind our readers, as the sum of his discoveries and investigations in physical science has been thoroughly interwoven into the text-books of the last quarter of a century. For some years past he has been compelled by ill health to a forced inactivity, by which the world has been the loser, though the aggregate of his labors, as published in the volumes of the Royal Society of London, in the "Encyclopedia Britannica," and in numerous independent works, is one of prodigious amount.

Among the more recent movements of government involving the applications of science may be mentioned the appointment of the Hon. James M. Ashley as commissioner on the part of the United States to act in connection with the commissioner of the confederate tribes of Indians, for running a line along the western boundary of Arkansas and Missouri and the southern boundary of Kansas. For this purpose he is expected to engage a corps of scientific assistants competent to do the necessary astronomical and other work connected with this labor.

The final report of the geology of Iowa has just been published in two handsome octavo volumes suitably illustrated, thus adding another to the series of standard works upon American geology. The author, Professor C. A. White, has been occupied for several years in this labor, and we congratulate him and the State upon its satisfactory completion.

The report embraces a sketch of the general geology of Iowa, with its physical geography and surface character, followed by details of the local geology of the different counties. The different species of minerals and rocks are next treated of, with their chemical and physical characteristics; and the work concludes with tables of elevations of the principal points along the railroads and streams throughout the State, with an appendix in regard to its natural history. Numerous maps accompany the work and add to its value; and taking into consideration the fact that the printing, engraving, and binding have been the work of a publishing house situated further West, perhaps, than any other establishment eastward of the Rocky Mountains, the whole must be regarded as a credit to the State of Iowa, which not only initiated the work, but also contained in its own borders all the scientific direction and the mechanical means for bringing it to so successful a conclusion.

The Royal Horticultural Society of London has lately offered a prize of fifty dollars for the best collection of British insects injurious to any one plant—as the oak, pine, cabbage, wheat, etc.—the choice of the plant to be left to the competitor. The insects are to be shown as much as possible in the various stages of development—as in the eggs, larva, chrysalis, and perfect insect.

A report has just been published in Bremen of the meteorological and physical conditions attendant upon the voyages of the North German steamers between New York and Bremen, during 374 passages. From this it appears that floating ice is met with principally between the meridians of 46 and 51, and is more abundant east of that region than west of it. The general direction in which the storms blow is said to be between west and north-northwest, also that fifty per cent. of the entire number occurred during November, December, and January; twenty-six per cent. during February, April, and October; twelve per cent. during March and September; and the remainder distributed over the remaining four months, from May to August. They reach a maximum at 30 degrees west longitude, and maintain it to 45 degrees west, their direction being northwesterly. From these facts Von Freeden, the author of the article, concludes that the storms begin in the neighborhood of the Banks of Newfoundland, where the cold arctic current meets the warmer waters of the Gulf Stream, and that they are not West Indian hurricanes crossing the Atlantic from shore to shore.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

During the week ending May 20 the Senate was engaged chiefly in attempting to discover how the *Alabama* treaty was obtained by the correspondents of the New York *Tribune* before the injunction of secrecy was removed. Nothing was elicited, and the correspondents, Messrs. White and Ramsdell, have been imprisoned in the Capitol. They testified that they did not receive the treaty from a Senator or any officer or employé of the Senate, but refused to give the name of the person from whom they received it.

The Canadian journals continue to express opinions hostile to the *Alabama* treaty, some going so far as to advise the rejection of all parts affecting Canada. A difference of opinion with Great Britain is deprecated.

Ex-Senator Hiram R. Revels has been elected President of Alcorn University, at Jackson, Mississippi. Mr. Revels was nominated by Governor Alcorn, and the election was a unanimous one.

Several Ku-Klux outrages are reported in Mississippi and other States, with threats of others if the officials do not cease to perform their duties. The Senate select committee have decided to form sub-committees to examine into this class of outrages.

The inauguration of Governor Jewell, of Connecticut, took place at Hartford May 16.

The Pennsylvania coal troubles culminated on the 17th of May in a tragedy. While a gang of working laborers and miners were being escorted from Briggs's shaft by a squad of soldiers, they were assaulted by 200 Welsh miners, who threw stones and other missiles. One of the soldiers leveled his piece at the mob and fired, the bullet killing two of the rioters. The laborers were peaceable under the assault. This seemed to bring matters to a crisis, and affairs are likely to be settled on the terms proposed by the umpire, Judge Elwell.

The friends of the late Fitz-Greene Halleck have set on foot a subscription for a full-length statue of him, a site for which has already been selected in the Central Park. The sum of $12,000 is required.

The murderer Rulloff was hanged at Binghampton May 18. He met his fate with a firmness which was almost bravado.

FOREIGN NEWS.

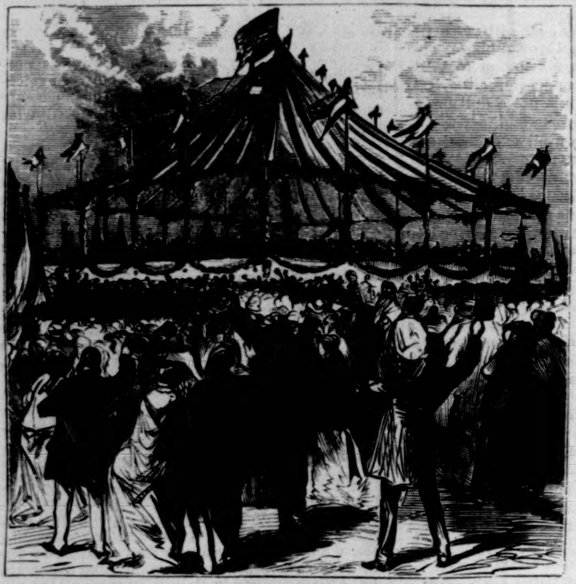
At last the troops of the Versailles government have forced an entrance into Paris. On Saturday, May 20, the Communists abandoned several small places in the suburbs of Paris, returning to the city in a state of disorder. Breaching batteries on the slope of Fort de Mont Valérien had opened on the ramparts, and every thing was in readiness for the storming of the city. At four o'clock the next day, Sunday, the assault was made, and its success was officially announced by M. Thiers the same evening. The entrance of the troops was effected simultaneously at two points, the Gate of St. Cloud, near Point du Jour, and the Gate of Montrouge on the Boulevard Brune. The insurgents abandoned the ramparts, and at last accounts the Versailles troops held the positions they had captured. Several of the Communist leaders have sought safety in flight.

Just before the successful assault took place M. Pyat proposed in the Commune laws for the taxation of bachelors and the abolition of the confessional.

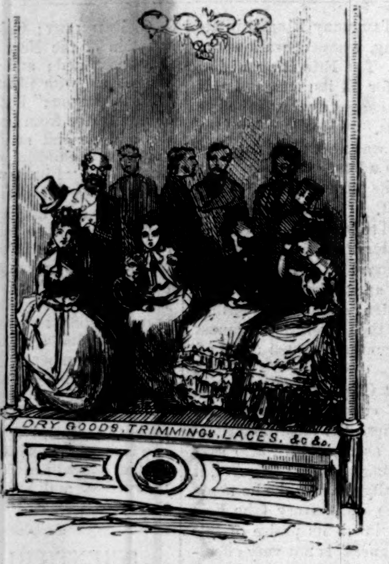
The inquiry in Spain regarding the assassination of Prim is said to implicate Señor Roque Barcia, a member of the Cortes.

The Duke of Edinburgh has arrived in England from his trip round the world.

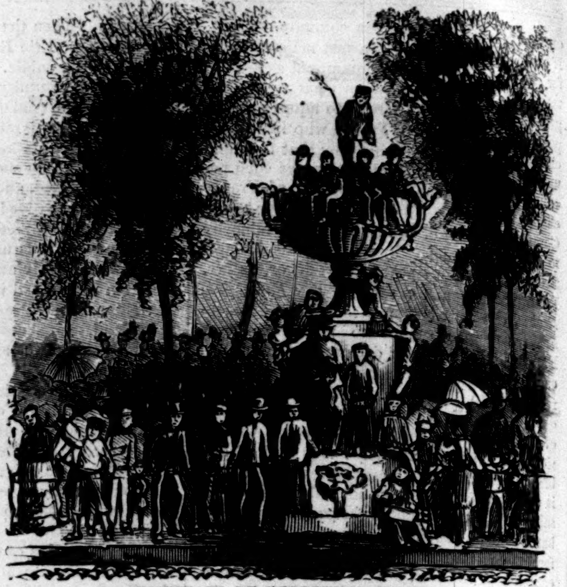
Fifty thousand Turkish troops have been concentrated on the road from Constantinople to Wallachia, and serious trouble is apprehended.



SPEAKERS' STAND IN PENN SQUARE.


DRY GOODS, TRIMMINGS, LACES, &c. &c.

A SHOW WINDOW IN CHESTNUT STREET DURING THE PARADE.



FOUNTAIN OF PERPETUAL YOUTH.

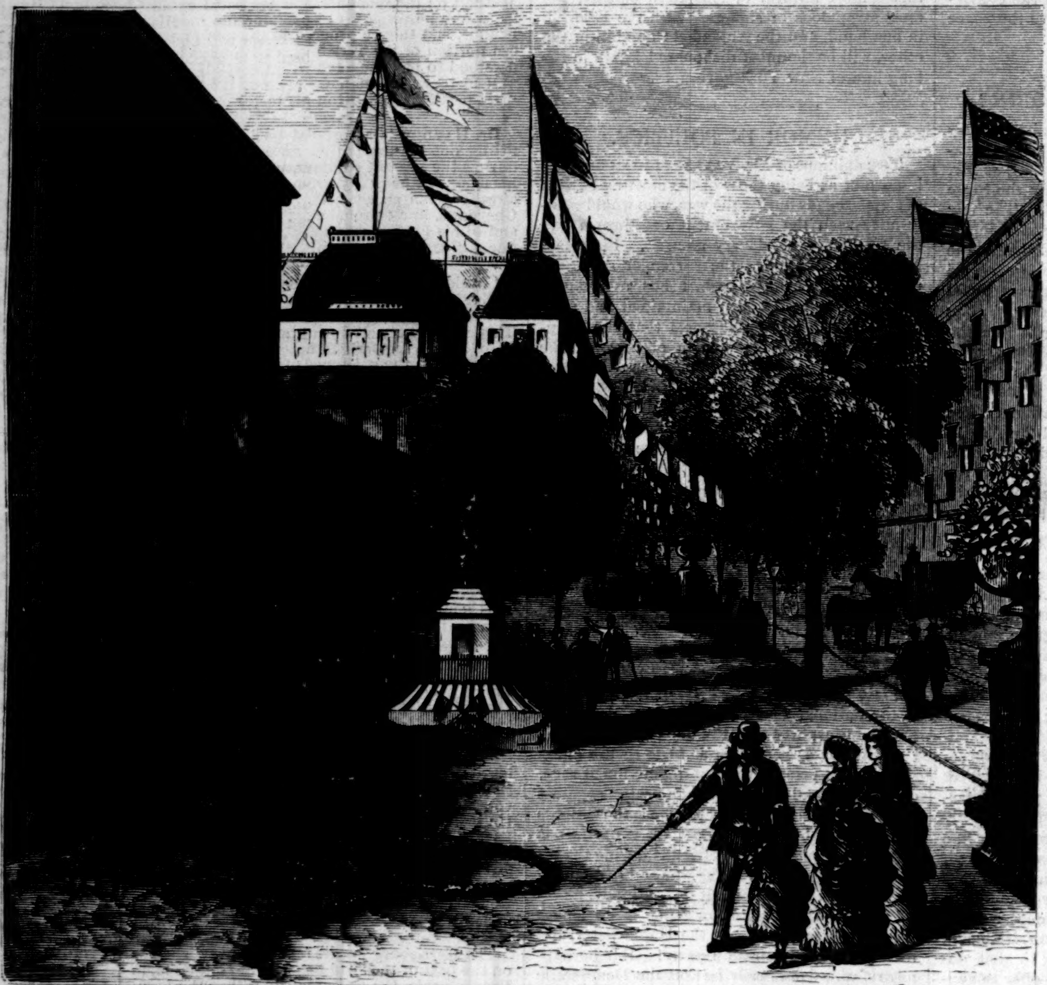
GERMAN PEACE JUBILEE.

WE give on this page several illustrations of the grand German Peace Jubilee held in Philadelphia on the 15th and 16th of May. The city was crowded with visitors from the country and adjacent towns, and presented a very gay and lively appearance. Houses and stores in every quarter were decorated with the flags of all nations, the German and American colors, of course, predominating. Penn Square was converted into a sort of fair-ground, and was lined with booths for the sale of refreshments. At the base of the Washington Monument, in front of Independence Hall, a platform was erected, from which the procession was reviewed by the Mayor and Council. The procession occupied four hours in passing Third and Chestnut streets, and there were fully 20,000 men in line, mostly in vehicles or on horseback. The butchers had a sausage factory and smoke-house on wheels, and fresh sausages and slices of ham were distributed to the spectators. Bakers also made a distribution of bread. There were at least 100 wagons with artisans at work at their trades. The streets were crowded with spectators throughout the line of march, and the various objects greeted with cheers.

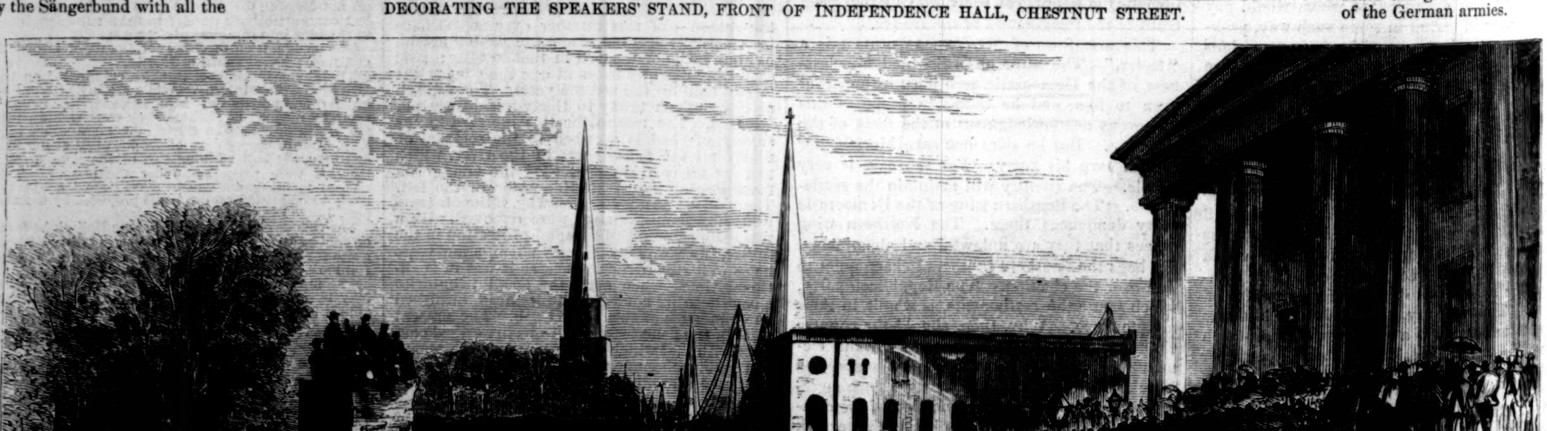
When the procession reached Penn Square a mass of people collected round the platform, several German patriotic songs were sung, and the meeting was addressed in German and English by several distinguished speakers. Before breaking up, the magnificent national war hymn, "Die Wacht am Rhein," was sung by the Sängerbund with all the hearty enthusiasm so peculiar to the Germans.

On the following day the Jubilee was continued by a grand picnic at Schützen Park, with addresses, singing, target-shooting, and other sports, and a linden-tree, emblematic of peace, was planted with great ceremony. Like all German celebrations, the Jubilee passed off without a single unpleasant incident, so far as the Germans were concerned, though some arrests were made of persons who attempted to create a disturbance by interfering with the procession. As was the case in the recent peace celebration in our own city, there was no interference with business or with travel. The Germans do not consider that they have the right, even when celebrating a national event, to make themselves a nuisance to the citizens of every other nationality. They go their own way, take their pleasure quietly, and are always ready to acknowledge that other folks as well as themselves have rights which even holiday-makers are bound to respect. The features of the procession were all in excellent taste, the decorations being especially noteworthy for appropriateness and artistic arrangement. The speaking was naturally very enthusiastic and intensely national; but this may surely be forgiven when we consider the grandeur and magnitude of the victories which the Germans met to celebrate, and the far-reaching effect of the events of the war.

Our illustrations show some of the most interesting scenes, features, and incidents of the Jubilee, and give a graphic idea of the character and spirit of the people who gathered to celebrate the grand achievements of the German armies.

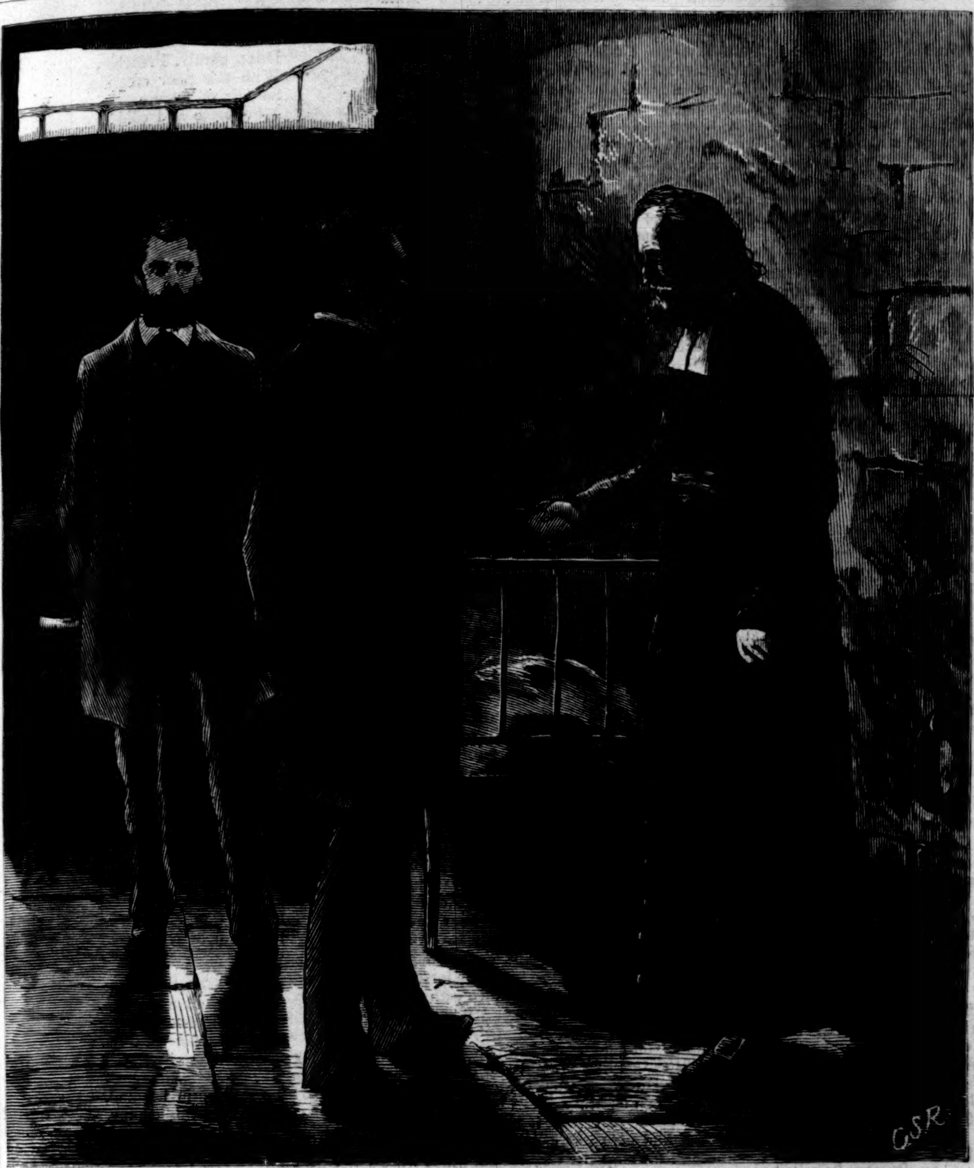


DECORATING THE SPEAKERS' STAND, FRONT OF INDEPENDENCE HALL, CHESTNUT STREET.



THE PARADE FORMING IN BROAD STREET.

GERMAN PEACE JUBILEE IN PHILADELPHIA.



VISIT OF MINISTER WASHBURNE TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS, IN PRISON.—[See Page 507.]

A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION.

By CHARLES READE.

WITH MANY ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

At the steps of Huntercombe Hall the servants streamed out, and relieved the strangers of the sorrowful load. Sir Charles was carried into the Hall, and Richard Bassett turned away, with one triumphant flash of his eye, quickly suppressed, and walked with impenetrable countenance and studied demeanor into Highmore House.

Even here he did not throw off the mask. It peeled off by degrees. He began by telling his wife, gravely enough, Sir Charles had met with a severe fall, and he had attended to him and taken him home.

"Ah, I am glad you did that, Richard," said Mrs. Bassett. "And is he very badly hurt?"

"I am afraid he will hardly get over it. He never spoke. He just groaned when they took him down from the cart at Huntercombe."

"Poor Lady Bassett!"

"Ay, it will be a bad job for her. Jane!"

"Yes, dear."

"There is a providence in it. The fall would never have killed him; but his head struck a tree upon the ground; and that tree was one of the very elms he had just cut down to rob our boy."

"Indeed?"

"Yes; he was felling the very hedge-row timber, and this was one of the old elms in a hedge. He must have done it out of spite, for elm-wood fetches no price; it is good for nothing I know of, except coffins. Well, he has cut down *his*."

"Poor man! Richard, death reconciles enemies. Surely you can forgive him now."

"I mean to try."

Richard Bassett seemed now to have imbibed the spirit of quicksilver. His occupations were not actually enlarged, yet, somehow or other, he seemed full of business. He was all complacent bustle about nothing. He left off inveighing against Sir Charles. And, indeed, if you are one of those weak spirits to whom censure is intolerable, there is a cheap and easy way to moderate the rancor of detraction—you have only to die. Let me comfort genius in particular with this little recipe.

Why, on one occasion, Bassett actually snubbed Wheeler for a mere allusion.—That worthy just happened to remark, "No more felling of timber on Bassett Manor for a while."

"For shame!" said Richard. "The man had his faults, but he had his good qualities too: a high-spirited gentleman, beloved by his friends and respected by all the country. His successor will find it hard to reconcile the county to his loss."

Wheeler stared, and then grinned satirically.

This eulogy was never repeated, for Sir Charles proved ungrateful—he omitted to die, after all.

Attended by first-rate physicians, tenderly nursed and watched by Lady Bassett and Mary Wells, he got better by degrees; and every stage of his slow but hopeful progress was communicated to the servants and the village, and to the ladies and gentlemen who rode up to the door every day and left their cards of inquiry.

The most attentive of all these was the new rector, a young clergyman, who had obtained the living by exchange. He was a man highly gifted both in body and mind—a swarthy Adonis, whose large dark eyes from the very first turned with glowing admiration on the blonde beauties of Lady Bassett.

He came every day to inquire after her husband; and she sometimes left the sufferer a minute or two to make her report to him in person. At other times Mary Wells was sent to him. That artful girl soon discovered what had escaped her mistress's observation.

The bulletins were favorable, and welcomed on all sides.

Richard Bassett alone was incredulous. "I want to see him about again," said he. "Sir Charles is not the man to lie in bed if he was really better. As for the doctors, they flatter a fellow till the last moment. Let me see him on his legs, and then I'll believe he is better."

Strange to say, obliging Fate granted Richard Bassett this moderate request. One frosty but sunny afternoon, as he was inspecting his coming domain from "The Heir's Tower," he saw the Hall door open, and a muffled figure come slowly down the steps between two women. It was Sir Charles, feeble but convalescent. He crept about on the sunny gravel for about ten minutes, and then his nurses conveyed him tenderly in again.

This sight, which might have touched with pity a more generous nature, startled Richard Bassett, and then moved his bile. "I was a fool," said he; "nothing will ever kill that man. He will see me out; see us all out. And that Mary Wells nurses him, and I dare say in love with him by this time; the fools can't nurse a man without. Curse the whole pack of ye!" he yelled, and turned away in rage and disgust.

That same night he met Mary Wells, and, in a strange fit of jealousy, began to make hot protestations of love to her. He knew it was no use reproaching her, so he went on the other tack.

She received his vows with cool complacency, but would only stay a minute, and would only talk of her master and mistress, toward whom her heart was really warming in their trouble. She spoke hopefully, and said: "'Tisn't as if he was one of your faint-hearted ones as meet death half-way. Why, the second day, when he could scarce speak, he sees me crying by the bed, and says he, almost in a whisper, 'What are *you* crying for?' 'Sir,' says I, ''tis for you—to see you lie like a ghost.' 'Then you be wasting of salt-water,' says he. 'I wish I may, Sir,' says I. So then he raised himself up a little bit. 'Look at me,' says he; 'I'm a Bassett. I am not the breed to die for a crack on the skull, and leave you all to the mercy of them that would have no mercy'—which he meant you, I suppose. So he ordered me to leave crying, which I behooved to obey; for he will be master, mind ye, while he have a finger to wag, poor dear gentleman, he will."

And, soon after this, she resisted all his attempts to detain her, and scudded back to the house, leaving Bassett to his reflections, which were exceedingly bitter.

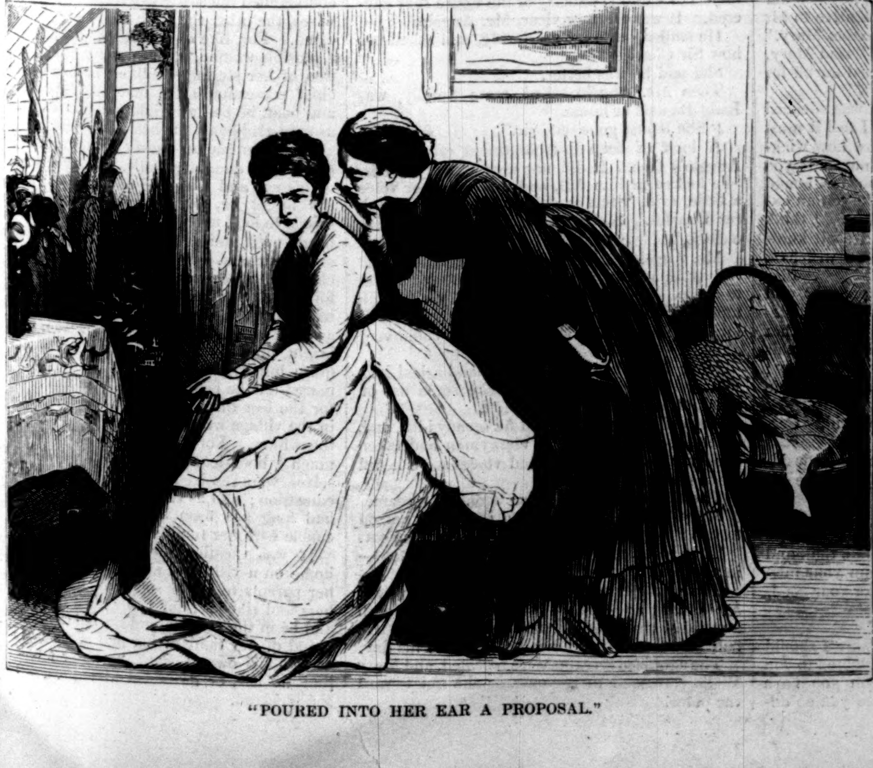
Sir Charles got better, and at last used to walk daily with Lady Bassett. Their favorite stroll was up and down the lawn, close under the boundary wall he had built to shut out "The Heir's Walk."

The afternoon sun struck warm upon that wall and the walk by its side.

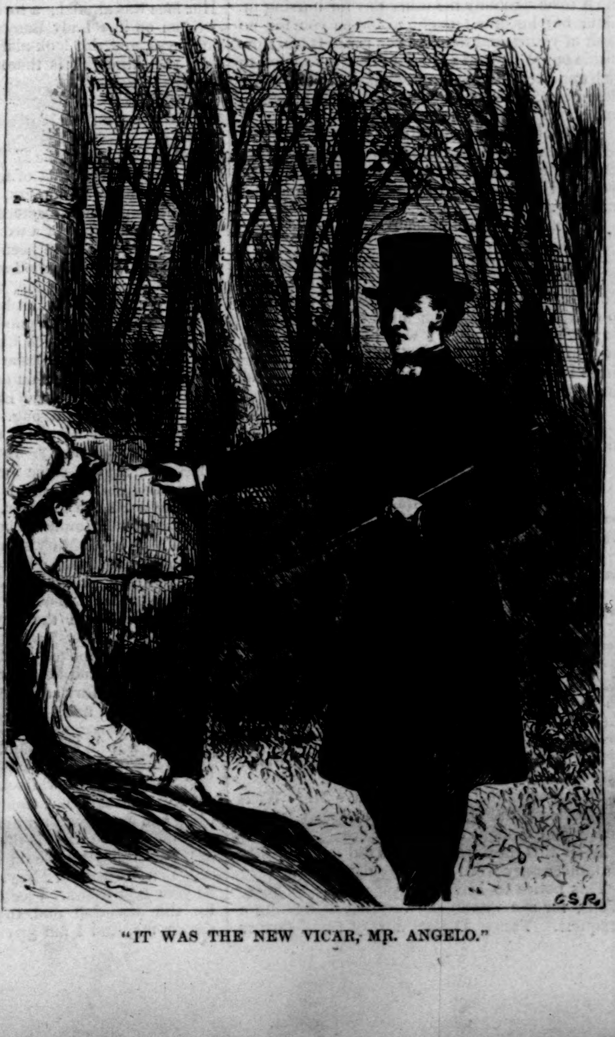
On the other side a nurse often carried little Dicky Bassett, the heir; but neither of the promenaders could see each other for the wall.

Richard Bassett, on the contrary, from "The Heir's Tower," could see both these little parties; and, as some men can not keep away from what causes their pain, he used to watch these loving walks, and see Sir Charles get stronger and stronger, till at last, instead of leaning on his beloved wife, he could march by her side, or even give her his arm.

Yet the picture was, in a great degree, delusive; for, except during these blissful walks, when the sun shone on him, and Love and Beauty soothed him, Sir Charles was not the man he had been. The shake he had received appeared



"POURED INTO HER EAR A PROPOSAL."



"IT WAS THE NEW VICAR, MR. ANGELO."

to have damaged his temper strangely. He became so irritable that several of his servants left him; and to his wife he repined; and his childless condition, which had been hitherto only a deep disappointment, became in his eyes a calamity that outweighed his many blessings. He had now narrowly escaped dying without an heir, and this seemed to sink into his mind, and, co-operating with the concussion his brain had received, brought him into a morbid state. He brooded on it, and spoke of it, and got back to it from every other topic, in a way that distressed Lady Bassett unspeakably. She consoled him bravely; but often, when she was alone, her gentle courage gave way, and she cried bitterly to herself.

Her distress had one effect she little expected; it completed what her invariable kindness had begun, and actually won the heart of a servant. Those who really know that tribe will agree with me that this was a marvelous conquest. Yet so it was; Mary Wells conceived for her a real affection, and showed it by unremitting attention, and a soft and tender voice, that soothed Lady Bassett, and drew many a silent but grateful glance from her dove-like eyes.

Mary listened, and heard enough to blame Sir Charles for his peevishness, and she began to throw out little expressions of dissatisfaction at him; but these were so promptly discouraged by the faithful wife that she drew in again, and avoided that line. But one day, coming softly as a cat, she heard Sir Charles and Lady Bassett talking over their calamity. Sir Charles was saying that it was Heaven's curse; that all the poor people in the village had children; that Richard Bassett's weak, puny little wife had brought him an heir, and was about to make him a parent again; he alone was marked out, and doomed to be the last of his race. "And yet," said he, "if I had married any other woman, and you had married any other man, we should have had children by the dozen, I suppose."

Upon the whole, though he said nothing palpably unjust, he had the tone of a man blaming his wife as the real cause of their joint calamity, under which she suffered a deeper, nobler, and more silent anguish than himself. This was hard to bear; and when Sir Charles went away, Mary Wells ran in, with an angry expression on the tip of her tongue.

She found Lady Bassett in a pitiable condition, lying rather than leaning on the table, with her hair loose about her, sobbing as if her heart would break.

All that was good in Mary Wells tugged at her heart-strings. She flung herself on her knees beside her, and seizing her mistress's hand, and drawing it to her bosom, fell to crying and sobbing along with her.

This canine devotion took Lady Bassett by surprise. She turned her tearful eyes upon her sympathizing servant, and said, "Oh, Mary!" and her soft hand pressed the girl's harder palm gratefully.

Mary spoke first. "Oh, my lady," she sobbed, "it breaks my heart to see you so. And what a shame to blame you for what is no fault of yourn. If I was your husband the cradles would soon be full in this house; but these fine gentlemen, they be old before their time with smoking of tobacco; and then to come and lay the blame on we!"

"Mary, I value you very much—more than I ever did a servant in my life; but if you speak against your master we shall part."

"La, my lady, I wouldn't for the world. Sir Charles is a perfect gentleman. Why, he gave me a sovereign only the other day for nursing of him; but he didn't ought to blame you for no fault of yourn, and to make you cry. It tears me inside out to see you cry; you that is so good to rich and poor. I wouldn't vex myself so for that: dear heart, 'twas always so; God sends meat to one house, and mouths to another."

"I could be patient if poor Sir Charles was not so unhappy," sighed Lady Bassett; "but if ever you are a wife, Mary, you will know how wretched it makes us to see a beloved husband unhappy."

"Then I'd make him happy," said Mary.

"Ah, if I only could!"

"Oh, I could tell you a way; for I have known it done; and now he is as happy as a prince. You see, my lady, some men are like children: to make them happy you must give them their own way; and so, if I was in your place, I wouldn't make two bites of a cherry, for sometimes I think he will fret himself out of the world for want on't."

"Heaven forbid!"

"It is my belief you would not be long behind him."

"No, Mary. Why should I?"

"Then—whisper, my lady!"

And, although Lady Bassett drew slightly back at this freedom, Mary Wells poured into her ear a proposal that made her stare and shiver.

As for the girl's own face, it was as unmoved as if it had been bronze.

Lady Bassett drew back, and eyed her askant with amazement and terror.

"What is this you have dared to say?"

"Why, it is done every day."

"By people of your class, perhaps. No; I don't believe it. Mary, I have been mistaken in you. I am afraid you are a vicious girl. Leave me, please. I can't bear the sight of you."

Mary went away, very red, and the tear in her eye.

In the evening Lady Bassett gave Mary Wells a month's warning, and Mary accepted it doggedly, and thought herself very cruelly used.

After this mistress and maid did not exchange an unnecessary word for many days.

This notice to leave was very bitter to Mary Wells, for she was in the very act of making a conquest. Young Drake, a very small farmer and tenant of Sir Charles, had fallen in love with her, and she liked him and had resolved he should marry her, with which view she was playing the tender but coy maiden very prettily. But Drake, though young and very much in love, was advised by his mother, and evidently resolved to go the old-fashioned way—keep company a year, and know the girl before offering the ring.

Just before her month was out a more serious trouble threatened Mary Wells.

Her low, artful amour with Richard Bassett had led to its natural results. By degrees she had gone farther than she intended, and now the fatal consequences looked her in the face.

She found herself in an odious position; for her growing regard for young Drake, though not a violent attachment, was enough to set her more and more against Richard Bassett, and she was preparing an entire separation from the latter when the fatal truth dawned on her.

Then there was a temporary revulsion of feeling; she told her condition to Bassett, and implored him, with many tears, to aid her to disappear for a time and hide her misfortune, especially from her sister.

Mr. Bassett heard her, and then gave her an answer that made her blood run cold. "Why do you come to me?" said he. "Why don't you go to the right man—young Drake?"

He then told her he had had her watched, and she must not think to make a fool of him. She was as intimate with the young farmer as with him, and was in his company every day.

Mary Wells admitted that Drake was courting her, but said he was a civil, respectful young man, who desired to make her his wife. "You have lost me that," said she, bursting into tears; "and so, for God's sake, show yourself a man for once, and see me through my trouble."

The egotist disbelieved, or affected not to believe her, and said, "When there are two it is always the gentleman you girls deceive. But you can't make a fool of me, Mrs. Drake. Marry the farmer, and I'll give you a wedding present; that is all I can do for any other man's sweetheart. I have got my own family to provide for, and it is all I can contrive to make both ends meet."

He was cold and inflexible to her prayers. Then she tried threats. He laughed at them. Said he, "The time is gone by for that: if you wanted to sue me for breach of promise, you should have done it at once; not waited eighteen months and taken another sweetheart first. Come, come; you played your little game. You made me come here week after week and bleed a sovereign. A woman that loved a man would never have been so hard on him as you were on me. I grinned and bore it; but when you ask me to own another man's child, a man of your own sort that you are in love with—you hate me—that is a little too much: no, Mrs. Drake; if that is your game we will fight it out—before the public if you like." And, having delivered this with a tone of harsh and loud defiance, he left her—left her forever. She sat down upon the cold ground and rocked herself. Despair was cold at her heart.

She sat in that forlorn state for more than an hour. Then she got up and went to her mistress's room and sat by the fire, for her limbs were cold as well as her heart.

She sat there, gazing at the fire and sighing heavily, till Lady Bassett came up to bed. She then went through her work like an automaton, and every now and then a deep sigh came from her breast.

Lady Bassett heard her sigh, and looked at her. Her face was altered; a sort of sullen misery was written on it. Lady Bassett was quick at reading faces, and this look alarmed her. "Mary," said she, kindly, "is there any thing the matter?"

No reply.

"Are you unwell?"

"No."

"Are you in trouble?"

"Ay!" with a burst of tears.

Lady Bassett let her cry, thinking it would relieve her, and then spoke to her again with the languid pensiveness of a woman who has also her trouble. "You have been very attentive to Sir Charles, and a kind, good servant to me, Mary."

"You are mocking me, my lady," said Mary, bitterly. "You wouldn't have turned me off for a word if I had been a good servant."

Lady Bassett colored high, and was silenced for a moment. At last she said, "I feel it must seem harsh to you. You don't know how wicked it was to tempt me. But it is not as if you had *done* any thing wrong. I do not feel bound to mention mere words; I shall give you an excellent character, Mary—indeed I *have*. I think I have got a good place for you. I shall know to-morrow, and when it is settled we will look over my wardrobe together."

This proposal implied a boxful of presents, and would have made Mary's dark eyes flash with delight at another time; but she was past all that now. She interrupted Lady Bassett with this strange speech: "You are very kind, my lady; will you lend me the key of your medicine chest?"

Lady Bassett looked surprised, but said, "Certainly, Mary," and held out the keys.

But, before Mary could take them, she considered a moment, and asked her what medicine she required.

"Only a little laudanum."

"No, Mary; not while you look like that, and refuse to tell me your trouble. I am your mistress, and must exert my authority for your good. Tell me at once what is the matter."

"I'd bite my tongue off sooner."

"You are wrong, Mary. I am sure I should be your best friend. I feel much indebted to you for the attention and the affection you have shown me, and I am grieved to see you so despondent. Make a friend of me. There—think it over, and talk to me again to-morrow."

Mary Wells took the true servant's view of Lady Bassett's kindness. She looked at it as a trap; not, indeed, set with malice prepense, but still a trap. She saw that Lady Bassett meant kindly at present; but, for all that, she was sure that if she told the truth, her mistress would turn against her, and say, "Oh! I had no idea your trouble arose out of your own imprudence. I can do nothing for a vicious girl."

She resolved therefore to say nothing, or else to tell some lie or other quite wide of the mark.

Deplorable as this young woman's situation was, the duplicity and coarseness of mind which had brought her into it would have somewhat blunted the mental agony such a situation must inflict; but it was aggravated by a special terror; she knew that if she was found out she would lose the only sure friend she had in the world.

The fact is, Mary Wells had seen a great deal of life during the two years she was out of the reader's sight. Rhoda had been very good to her; had set her up in a lodging-house, at her earnest request. She misconducted it, and failed: threw it up in disgust, and begged Rhoda to put her in the public line. Rhoda complied. Mary made a mess of the public-house. Then Rhoda showed her she was not fit to govern any thing, and drove her into service again; and in that condition, having no more cares than a child, and plenty of work to do, and many a present from Rhoda, she had been happy.

But Rhoda, though she forgave blunders, incapacity for business, and waste of money, had always told her plainly there was one thing she never would forgive.

Rhoda Marsh had become a good Christian in every respect but one. The male rake reformed is rather tolerant; but the female rake reformed is, as a rule, bitterly intolerant of female frailty; and Rhoda carried this female characteristic to an extreme both in word and in deed. They were only half-sisters after all; and Mary knew that she would be cast off forever if she deviated from virtue so far as to be found out.

Besides the general warning, there had been a special one. When she read Mary's first letter from Huntercombe Hall Rhoda was rather taken aback at first; but, on reflection, she wrote to Mary, saying she could stay there on two conditions: she must be discreet, and never mention her sister Rhoda in the house, and she must not be tempted to renew her acquaintance with Richard Bassett. "Mind," said she, "if ever you speak to that villain I shall hear of it, and I shall never notice you again."

This was the galling present and the dark future which had made so young and unsentimental a woman as Mary Wells think of suicide for a moment or two; and it now deprived her of her rest, and next day kept her thinking and brooding all the time her now leaden limbs were carrying her through her menial duties.

The afternoon was sunny, and Sir Charles and Lady Bassett took their usual walk.

Mary Wells went a little way with them, looking very miserable. Lady Bassett observed, and said kindly, "Mary, you can give me that shawl; I will not keep you; go where you like till five o'clock."

Mary never said so much as "Thank you." She put the shawl round her mistress, and then went slowly back. She sat down on the stone steps, and glared stupidly at the scene, and felt very miserable and leaden. She seemed to be stuck in a sort of slough of despond, and could not move in any direction to get out of it.

While she sat in this sombre reverie a gentleman walked up to the door, and Mary Wells lifted her head and looked at him. Notwithstanding her misery, her eyes rested on him with some admiration, for he was a model of a man: six feet high, and built like an athlete. His face was oval, and his skin dark but glowing; his hair, eyebrows, and long eyelashes black as jet; his gray eyes large and tender. He was dressed in black, with a white tie, and his clothes were well cut, and seemed superlatively so, owing to the importance and symmetry of the figure they covered. It was the new vicar, Mr. Angelo.

He smiled on Mary graciously, and asked her how Sir Charles was.

She said he was better.

Then Mr. Angelo asked, more timidly, was Lady Bassett at home.

"She is just gone out, Sir."

A look of deep disappointment crossed Mr. Angelo's face. It did not escape Mary Wells. She looked at him full, and, lowering her voice a little, said, "She is only in the grounds with Sir Charles. She will be at home about five o'clock."

Mr. Angelo hesitated, and then said he would call again at five. He evidently preferred a duet to a trio. He then thanked Mary Wells with more warmth than the occasion seemed to call for, and retired very slowly: he had come very quickly.

Mary Wells looked after him, and asked herself wildly if she could not make some use of him and his manifest infatuation.

But before her mind could fix on any idea, and, indeed, before the young clergyman had taken twenty steps homeward, loud voices were heard down the shrubbery.

These were followed by an agonized scream.

Mary Wells started up, and the young parson turned: they looked at each other in amazement.

Then came wild and piercing cries for help—in a woman's voice.

The young clergyman cried out, "*Her* voice! *her* voice!" and dashed into the shrubbery with a speed Mary Wells had never seen equaled. He had won the 200-yard race at Oxford in his day.

The agonized screams were repeated, and Mary Wells screamed in response as she ran toward the place.

AT THE MORGUE.

K. E. H., OBIIT MAY 1.

Deal gently, Preacher,
With this poor creature,
So fair of feature,
So mute and cold!
One lieth yonder,
The city's wonder,
Who scorned to proffer
Her charms for gold.

Come nigh and study
Her winsome body:
Those lips once ruddy,
Now dank and pale;
The hair, whose sable
Bestrews the table.
Would we were able
To guess her tale!

The Morgue hath paid her
Its last grim duty:
That sacred beauty
Lies all confessed.
What impress lingers
Of baby fingers
(Was there no ring hers?)
On yon white breast!

For this she yielded
Life's strong endearment.
Think what her fear meant,
What her despair!
Was there no morrow
From which to borrow
Other than sorrow
For one so fair?

Father above us.
Save those who love us!
Read what her hand wrote,
Just ere she died:
"No friend, no dear one,
Hath helped or hindered;
I have no kindred
In the world wide."

No stay was given
Of earth or heaven.
How she had striven
Unto this last!
Honor was left her:
Ere man bereft her
Of this one jewel
Her spirit passed.

Spotless and pure,
She doth endure
The slab, the sewer,
The body's shame;
Her all defending,
To the storm bending,
She made this ending,
Hiding her name.

Poor soul, and lonely,
Thy Father only
Saw thee in mortal
Anguish that night:
Saw, and forgave thee
(Men could not save thee),
When from its portal
Thy breath took flight.

With no derision
Of thy misprision,
Our pitying vision
On thee doth fall.
Would we might aid thee,
Or could have stayed thee,
Ere Want had laid thee
Here in Death's hall!

Edmund C. Stedman.

THE TRIP OF THE "MARY ANN."

Captain John Jones owned and sailed the *Mary Ann*. Captain Jones had commenced life with nothing but a strong frame, a stout heart, and immense determination; but these had borne fruit, and now, after many years of hard labor, he had his reward. He owned and commanded the two *Mary Anns*—one the best of wives, the other the finest boat on the line of the canal. For, like a sensible man, he had married a sensible woman, and as a mark of his appreciation of her sterling qualities, he had named his chief possession after her. And, besides wife and boat, he had as bright and pretty a daughter as ever gladdened the heart of a parent.

If he ever had an uneasy thought it was in regard to his daughter Dolly. Dolly was the light of his eye and the pride of his heart; and well she might be, for there were few pleasanter things to look upon than Dolly Jones. She had bright eyes, and a little roguish, rose-bud mouth, and great masses of brown, waving hair, and cheeks like peaches with dimples in them; her form was round and plump and perfect as a partridge's, and her voice as musical and her heart as light as any bird's; and she had, withal, a bright, impulsive, loving way about her that was quite impossible to resist. Though born and reared on the boat, she had been there but little for the last three years, but was away at school in the village where the *Mary Ann* "laid up" in the winter. For John and his wife, not having much "book-learning," as they called it, themselves, were resolved to make up for it in Dolly's education; and as she was quick and bright, she had long ago been able to astonish the good couple with her fund of erudition.

It was vacation now, and Dolly had come home on a visit, and was going to the city with her parents to get a supply of new dresses and hats and ribbons; for Dolly liked to look pretty and be in the fashion, and the old captain was so proud of her that, saving and economical as he was on his own account, he never dreamed of limiting her, or grumbled at any expense that she incurred.

The only other persons attached to the *Mary Ann* were the boy who drove and Joe—the latter a youth, who, like his master, the captain, had risen in life from the very humblest beginnings.

Half a dozen years before a barefooted little fellow, in a torn straw hat and an immense pair of old trowsers that almost swallowed him up, they were so large and he so little, had applied to the captain for work, and, after a good deal of cross-questioning, had been taken on trial as the driver of the *Mary Ann's* mules. This was Joe; and Joe had driven so well, and shown himself so quick and bright, and good-natured withal, that at the end of the season, instead of turning him adrift to shift for himself, as is customary in such cases, the captain took him home to his own house, and sent him to school during the winter with Dolly. The next summer Joe proved himself still more useful, and in the winter again went to school with the captain's daughter. She had been longest in attendance, and was the most advanced, and often bent her brown curls over Joe's book or slate to help him out of some knotty problem in arithmetic or grammar; and in return he carried her sachel of books for her, helped her on with her overshoes, and over the snow-drifts, and was a devoted little cavalier in a hundred other ways. So it went on until Dolly was promoted from the public school to the "Young Ladies' Seminary;" and henceforth Joe had to do his ciphering alone, and Dolly had grown such a little beauty that she had many besides Joe to carry her books for her.

In the mean time each summer so advanced the latter in the art of canal navigation that he had become the captain's right-hand man, and was, in fact, almost indispensable to him and the *Mary Ann*. As his knowledge and efficiency became known he had many offers of other places, with larger wages and better prospects, but he refused them all. Whether his determination to stick by the *Mary Ann* was due alone to his regard for her sturdy old owner we may well doubt. Certain it is that the bright eyes and red, pouting lips of Dolly Jones often troubled poor Joe's dreams. We say troubled, for Joe looked upon his love as something altogether hopeless. Dolly was so bright and handsome that she had troops of admirers; and, more than this, she was his master's only daughter, and heiress not only to the *Mary Ann*, but to a little fortune besides laid away safely in the savings-bank, while he was a mere dependent. He only saw her at rare intervals now, and then usually accompanied by some smart young clerk, or other stricken youth from the village; and she had grown so tall and womanly, and wore such pretty dresses and bright scarfs and jaunty hats, and was altogether so bewitching and lovely, that Joe was sure the whole world did not contain such another beautiful being.

Dolly's going with them, therefore, was a great treat to Joe. And as soon as it was decided upon he set to work and tore down the old sail-cloth that had been good enough until then, and out of his little savings bought and put up a gay bright-colored awning over all the after-part of the boat, and re-arranged the cabin, and trimmed and festooned it with evergreens and flowers, and in a dozen other ways so beautified and adorned the *Mary Ann* that she looked more like a bridal bark than a sober craft laden with freight for the Albany market. Her little after-cabin was a wonderful example of the amount of comfort and convenience that can be crowded into the smallest space. It had two tiny state-rooms opening into it, and was surrounded with innumerable drawers and closets, and was in all respects as neat and bright and dainty as possible. All Joe's labor was expended here, for Dolly was to occupy it along with her father and mother, although the front cabin, where he slept, was as rude and cheerless as the other was cozy and home-like.

"Oh, how nice! I should never have known the old boat," exclaimed that young lady, when she came aboard. "Why, papa, it seems to me you have grown very gay of late."

"It ain't me—it's Joe," replied the captain. "He's bin to work ever since he knew you was comin'. I told him it was all waste and foolishness; but Joe thinks there ain't any thing quite good enough for you, Dolly."

Dolly blushed and tossed her pretty head, as much as to say that although the sentiment was correct enough, she didn't know what right he had to think about her at all. Still, she couldn't help feeling flattered and pleased by this attention; and when Joe came in to speak to her she put her little white hand in his big brown one, and thanked him for what he had done in such a charming way that the foolish fellow, who had spent all his spare time for a week and a large share of his summer earnings upon it, felt a hundred times repaid.

All the way to the city Dolly was perfectly bewitching, and, notwithstanding all his efforts, Joe kept getting deeper and deeper in love. But although she was so gracious, he was so modest that he did not dare to breathe a word of his passion. Poor fellow! his happiness was not destined to be of long duration. At Albany, where the boat was detained a week, taking off and on freight, they were joined by Mr. Augustus Stubbins, commonly called Gus Stubbs, one of Dolly's most devoted admirers, and who happened to be in the city then, as he always happened to be not far from where Dolly was staying. Old Stubbins was the richest man in the village; he had made a fortune in paper bags during the war, and young Stubbs, who was busy spending it, was most conceited; but as he had plenty of money, was tolerably good-looking, and talked and dressed loud, and had the reputation of being rather a dangerous fellow, all the girls were flattered by his attentions, and Dolly was especially envied when he joined the list of her suitors. Heretofore the reception his advances had met at her hands had not been very flattering to his pride, but on this occasion she seemed better pleased. He came every day, took her walking and driving, escorted her on her shopping excursions, and so monopolized her society that Joe got scarcely a chance to see or speak to her. Poor fellow! he watched all this with fierce, eager eyes and a heart inflamed with passion; for although he did not consider himself worthy of Dolly, and scarcely had a hope of ever winning her love, he could not help being devoured by jealousy, which Stubbs increased by being very insolent toward him, never noticing him except to treat him as an inferior. One evening he was lounging on the boat as usual, smoking and talking to Dolly, when his cigar went out. Joe was busy at some distance, but he called to him, "Joe, my good fellow, run and get me a match."

Joe looked up with flashing eyes, but did not speak or move.

Dolly saw the look, and apprehending trouble, she said, "I will bring you a light," and ran into the cabin; while Joe, enraged that Dolly should wait upon him, turned away, boiling over with anger and bitterness. But Stubbs, who was a bully wherever he dared to be, was not content.

"Didn't you hear me?" he continued; "I asked you to get me a match."

"Yes, I heard," said Joe, sullenly; "but I don't wait on such puppies as you."

"What do you say, you miserable beggar?" said Stubbs, springing to his feet, and rushing toward him with clinched fists.

"Be careful," said Joe, between his set teeth; "if you lay a finger on me, I'll pitch you overboard!" And as Stubbs raised his hand he seized him by the throat, and would have carried the threat into instant execution, so infuriated was he, had not Dolly at that moment sprung between them.

"Stop!" she cried, imperatively, looking at Joe. "Have you no respect for me, that you quarrel with my friends right before my eyes? I'm ashamed of you!"

Poor Joe! He was naturally the best-natured fellow in the world, but the continued insults of his rival, combined with his jealousy, had aroused the sleeping tiger that exists in every human bosom; and yet, before the rebuking voice of the woman he loved, it crouched at her feet, abashed.

"Come," she continued, taking Mr. Stubbs's arm, "let us go; you mustn't mind him." Dolly was indignant at Joe, for she didn't understand the many provocations he had received; but she was still more indignant at Stubbs, and she informed that young gentleman as she marched him off that if he ever spoke in that way to Mr. Joseph again, he could consider himself dismissed on the spot. But Joe did not know this; he thought she sided against him, and was cruel and unjust; and when, the next morning, feeling rather ashamed of his temper, and with the tiger in his bosom become a very lamb, he went up to her to apologize, and she, thinking him not yet sufficiently punished, turned away without speaking, he in turn became indignant; and all day long he brooded over his wrongs and unhappiness and hopeless love, until he became almost wild, and determined to end it by going away. He was a mere underling there; Stubbs had called him a beggar, and it was plain that Dolly despised him. He would go off to the West, and become rich and independent, and perhaps then she would feel sorry for treating him so. With this determination he went to the captain, and gave him notice that he should leave at the end of the present trip. The captain was astonished, and offered to increase his wages if he would stay; but Joe told him he didn't care for the money; he had made up his mind to go, and nothing could turn him from it.

That night the captain, Gus, and Dolly, all went to the theatre together, while Joe was left to take care of the boat. The play was one of love and adventure, full of hair-breadth escapes and thrilling incidents. Dolly had never been to a real theatre before, and she was entirely carried away by the brilliant scene.

"Oh," she cried, with a sigh of intense relief, as the curtain fell upon the happy *finale*, "I'm so glad it all came out right. I was so afraid she was going to marry that other man—the bad one. How happy a girl must be with such a good and brave lover!"

"I'm not so sure about the 'good,'" said Mr. Stubbs, who rather prided himself on being a trifle wicked; "but as for being 'brave,' I don't think you have any reason to complain about your lovers, Dolly. I know one, at least, who would go through more dangers than the fellow in the play for you."

"Do you?" said Dolly. "Who can it be—Jack Smith?"

"Jack Smith, indeed!" said Stubbs, contemptuously. "I mean, of course, your humble servant," and he flourished his cane fiercely around his head.

"Oh," said Dolly, "you!"

"Yes. One can't be a hero with nothing to fight; but just let me have an opportunity, and you will see!"

The opportunity for distinguishing himself in the cause of his lady-love which Mr. Stubbs so ardently desired came sooner than he expected. It was nearly midnight, and the streets were deserted; but, unmindful of the hour, they walked leisurely along, until the captain, impatient at the slowness of their pace, left them and went on, and when they turned into the narrow and dimly lighted street that led down to the dock he was out of sight. As they plunged into the darkness and gloom out of the light of Broadway, Dolly shuddered and clung to her companion's arm.

"Don't be afraid," he said, to re-assure her; "am I not here to protect you?" Strange to say, this fact did not seem to allay her fears. She only answered,

"Let us hurry and catch papa."

In the mean time that ancient mariner, unused to such late hours on shore, was hurrying home to his vessel, when a party of roughs sprang suddenly out from a dark alley-way, and throwing a shawl over his head, dragged him to the ground. He was taken all unawares, and was down before he knew it; but he struggled hard, and shouted lustily for aid.

"Oh, they are killing papa!" cried Dolly. "Quick! Let us run and help him!"

"No; don't go there," said Stubbs, seizing her arm. "You'll get hurt. Come with me; we can get to the boat by going down the next street;" and he dragged her back.

"Let go of me, Sir!" she cried, passionately. "If you are afraid to go and help my father, I am not!" and she tore herself free, and ran toward the spot where the captain was still struggling in the hands of his assailants. Stubbs looked after her a moment, half inclined to follow; but the thought of the daggers and slung-shots he might have to encounter was too much for his chivalry; for, bully and braggart as he was, he was an arrant coward at heart. So, muttering to himself, "She's too plucky for me! the best thing I can do is to get a policeman," he ran off in the opposite direction.

Dolly ran quickly toward her father, and, without stopping a moment to think, she threw her arms around one of the villains that was bending over him; and so strong and athletic was she, and so unexpected the attack, that she hurled him to the ground like a log. He sprang to his feet and gazed in astonishment at her. "A gal, as I'm a sinner!" he exclaimed. "And a devilish pretty one, too! Come, my beauty, since hugging is your game, you shall have plenty of it!" and he seized her around the waist. Poor Dolly! she had expended all her strength in her first effort, and now was almost powerless in this ruffian's arms. Her temporary courage and strength were gone, and though she struggled still, it was in a weak and womanly way, with big tears in her eyes, and her heart throbbing as though it would break. It was without much difficulty, therefore, that the fellow wrenched off her brooch and bracelets, and relieved her of her watch and chain; but when, having secured this booty, he attempted to kiss her, she shrieked so loud that Joe, who had been walking restlessly up and down the boat all the evening, heard, and, with the fond intuition of love, at once recognized the sound.

"Good Heavens!" he cried, "it's Dolly!" and seizing a boat-hook, he darted with the speed of an arrow toward the sound. As he reached the scene he saw the captain stretched out on the ground, with one ruffian holding him down and another rifling his pockets, while a third was dragging poor Dolly, now entirely helpless, into an alley-way.

Joe needed but this sight to infuriate him. He sprang on the villain, and with one blow stretched him senseless at his feet. Then, with the ferocity of a young tiger that has tasted blood, he turned upon the captain's assailants, and in less time than it takes to tell it the whole scene was changed. The captain was up and swearing like the jolly old tar that he was, and shaking his fist at every oath in the face of the two rascals who lay with broken heads at his feet; while Dolly, trembling and panting like a wounded bird, had thrown herself into Joe's arms, and was sobbing as if her heart would break.

In a few minutes a policeman, who probably had been lurking around the corner until all was over, came up and secured the thieves, and behind him came Mr. Stubbs, who, going up to Dolly, with refreshing coolness, hoped she was not hurt; and taking hold of her arm, he said,

"I will relieve you now, Joe. You had better look after the captain."

But Dolly looked up indignantly, and exclaimed, "Don't touch me! Don't come near me! Don't speak to me! I never want to see you again;" and clinging tightly to Joe, she whispered, "Don't leave me, Joe; you are so brave and good, and he is such a coward! Take me home yourself, please;" and she hid her burning face on his shoulder.

How Joe's heart thrilled then. It was the proudest moment of his life. Pretty, proud, scornful Dolly, lying sobbing in his arms, and clinging helplessly to him for assistance, while her rich and insolent lover was sent off in scorn and derision. As he supported her tenderly back to the boat he could hardly believe it was real, and yet he was happier than any prince. But the course of true love never yet did run smooth. When he met Dolly the next morning her face flushed rosy red, and, instead of the reception he hoped for, she hastily turned away, and he scarcely saw her again the whole day. So all his bright hopes sank to zero again. Whenever they met she seemed constrained and ill at ease, and oftentimes was quite cool to him. Poor fellow! he did not understand the mysteries of a young girl's heart. He thought she was displeased with him for having been so bold with her that night when she was so frightened, and that she was mourning for the rich lover she had lost. So convinced was he of this that he became more dejected and unhappy than ever, and fully confirmed in his determination to go West.

One night he was leaning against the rail of the boat feeling especially sad and gloomy. They would be at the village in the morning, and then Dolly would leave them, and he probably would never see her again. All the bright hopes and visions that, almost unacknowledged to himself, he had cherished so long, must be given up. As the thought of toiling on day after day without ever seeing that dear, bright face, or any hope of winning her love, surged in upon his heart, involuntarily a deep sigh escaped from his bosom, and he bowed his face into his hands. He was aroused by the touch of a little soft hand on his shoulder, and a sweet voice, thrilling him through and through, said:

"Dear Joe, what is the matter? You are going away, and yet you are unhappy. Tell me what it is, won't you? What has displeased you?"

"Nothing," said Joe.

"There must be something," continued Dolly, "or you wouldn't leave us and go off among strangers who don't know you or care for you."

"Do you care whether I go or not?" he asked, looking up eagerly.

"Of course I care," she answered, blushing. "Haven't we grown up together, and didn't you save me from those robbers?"

"Oh, is that all?" he said, disappointed.

"Why, what would you have?" she asked, gazing up into his face with an innocent expression. That dear, bright face was so near; her voice was so soft and sweet; her eyes so tender; her warm, fragrant breath was on his cheek; and Joe—was it any wonder?—Joe forgot himself.

"I would have you!" he cried, passionately. "Dolly, I love you better than life—better than any thing else in the world. I know that I am not worthy—that you do not care for me. And yet I could not bear to see you belong to any one else. And so I am going away where I shall never see you again."

There was a moment's pause, and then, with her sweet voice all in a tremble, Dolly asked:

"Is that the only reason for your going?"

"Yes!" he answered, sadly. "Isn't it enough?"

"No," she replied, hiding her blushing face in her hands; "for Dolly wants you to stay and—and love her."

The great gush of happiness that flowed in upon Joe's guileless heart with those words we will not attempt to describe. Suffice it to say that he staid.

When the frost came, and the *Mary Ann* was laid up for the winter, there was a joyous wedding at the village church; and amidst music and flowers, and the merry chime of bells, Joe and Dolly were made one; and as he proudly bore his blushing bride away, followed by the good wishes of all the town, and a perfect shower of old shoes, he thought himself the luckiest, happiest fellow in all the land, and, strange to say, although the honey-moon has long been over, he still continues in the same belief.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

An Unlucky Coincidence.—Dean Ramsay remembers in the parish church of Fettercairn, though it must be sixty years ago, a custom, still lingering in some parts of the country, of the precentor reading out each single line before it was sung by the congregation. This practice gave rise to a somewhat unlucky introduction of a line from the first Psalm. In most churches in Scotland the communion-tables are placed in the centre of the church. After sermon and prayer the seats round these tables are occupied by the communicants while the Psalm is being sung. One communion Sunday the precentor observed the noble family of Eglantine approaching the tables, and likely to be kept out by those pressed in before them. Being very zealous for their accommodation, he called out to an individual whom he considered to be the principal obstacle in clearing the passage, "Come back, Jock, and let in the noble family of Eglantine;" and then, turning to his Psalm-book, he took up his duty, and went on to read the line, "Nor stand in the sinners' way."

How do the busy little brats
  Improve upon their toys,
And find new pleasure every day
  In some unearthly noise!

What pains they take to find a box,
  And rig it with a string,
That they may rack our quivering nerves
  With the infernal thing!

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
  Their discord we can bear;
Let turkey-gobblers, pigs, and hogs
  Their sentiments declare;

But children you should ne'er be let
  To torture those tin cans;
Our ear-drums were not made to split,
  Or any other man's.

Bright yellow hair is the favorite hue. It is seldom, however, "the rightful hair."

"Capital" Sport—Money-hunting.

To Prevent a Door from Creaking—Nail it up.

In court the other day a witness being asked how he knew that a man and woman were husband and wife, replied, "Because he had often heard the lady blow the gentleman up." The evidence was held to be conclusive.

GOING TO PROPOSE.

He went up to town to-day, girls,
  With a very business air;
He'd oiled up his mustache, girls,
  And parted well his hair:
Something's in the wind, girls,
  Whichever way it blows;
And I'll tell you what it is, girls—
  He's going to propose.

Sometimes he's confidential,
  And says Maria's fair,
And praises Bessie's hazel eyes,
  And Jennie's flowing hair;
Says Alice is angelic, too,
  Admires Lucinda's nose:
I knew how it would end girls—
  He's going to propose.

A Masked Ball—A codfish-ball.

As old Van Shroomps was giving his youngest, who was inclined to be lazy, a good cowhiding, the boy cried out, "Oh, don't, fadder; it makes me smart!" "Dat's shoost vat I vant," said the old man, as he whacked away with renewed vigor.

A lady remarked on a very ignorant man, who was complimented on his good sense, "He ought to have a great *stock* of good sense, for he never *spends* any."

Nautical Mourning—Sea-weeds.

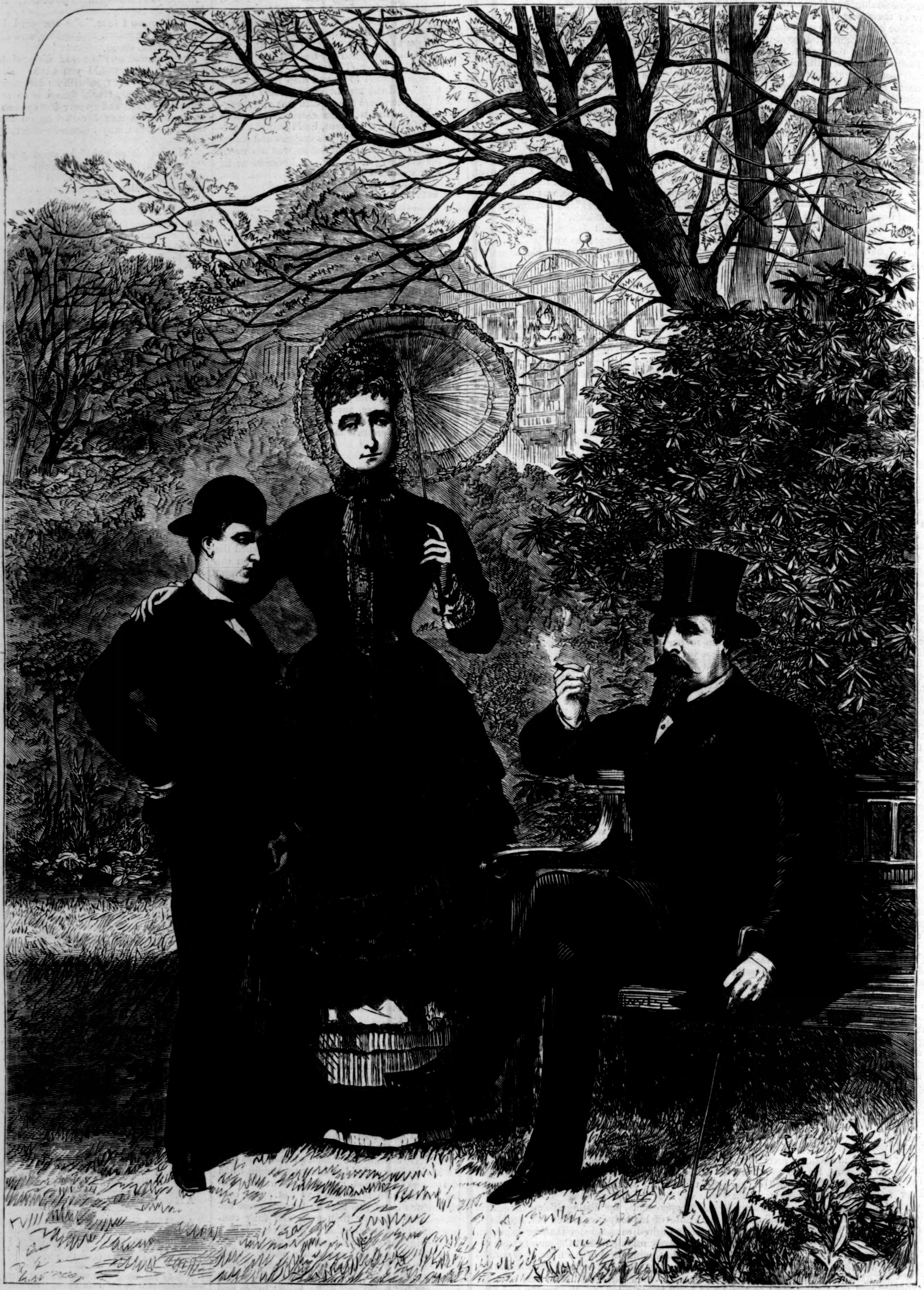
A shoddy woman, who returned from Europe with some paintings, was asked if they were landscapes. She said, "No, over one-half of them are water-scapes."

"How much did he leave?" inquired a gentleman of a wag on learning the death of a wealthy citizen. "Every thing," responded the wag; "he didn't take a dollar with him."

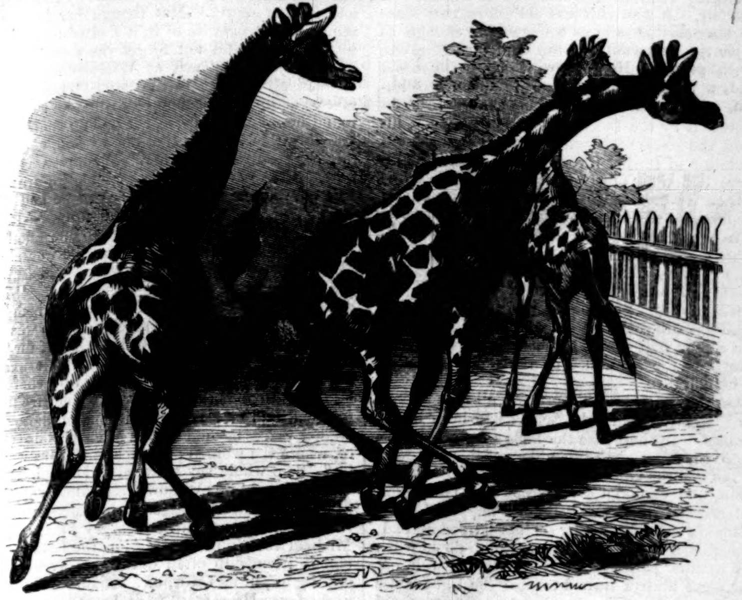
THE EXILES AT CHISELHURST.

A GENTLEMAN sixty-three years of age, with a lady, and a boy of fifteen, resting in the pleasure-grounds of an English rural mansion—that is the subject of the engraving on this page. It does not seem much; but this gentleman is he who, a twelvemonth since, was Emperor of the French nation, and the most powerful monarch in Europe. CHARLES LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, lately reigning as NAPOLEON III., is a man whose career has been more varied than that of any contemporary sovereign, except King LOUIS PHILIPPE. His performances, if not in the military, yet in the political and diplomatic spheres of public effort, have been scarcely less important than those of his mighty uncle. His fortunes during twenty years were equally prosperous; his figure seemed almost as imposing to those who admire worldly success, however gained; and his influence was generally used for better purposes than that of NAPOLEON I. It is not denied that he sought to improve the material condition of France; but it is also true that he obtained power by the most wicked and cruel means, and retained it by a system of oppression which completely undermined the manhood of the French people. He is now an exile in England, a private gentleman, with his wife and child. It is reported that he is intriguing for a restoration to the throne of France; but we should not be surprised to learn that he prefers the tranquil retirement of his English home to the uneasy honors of an imperial throne.

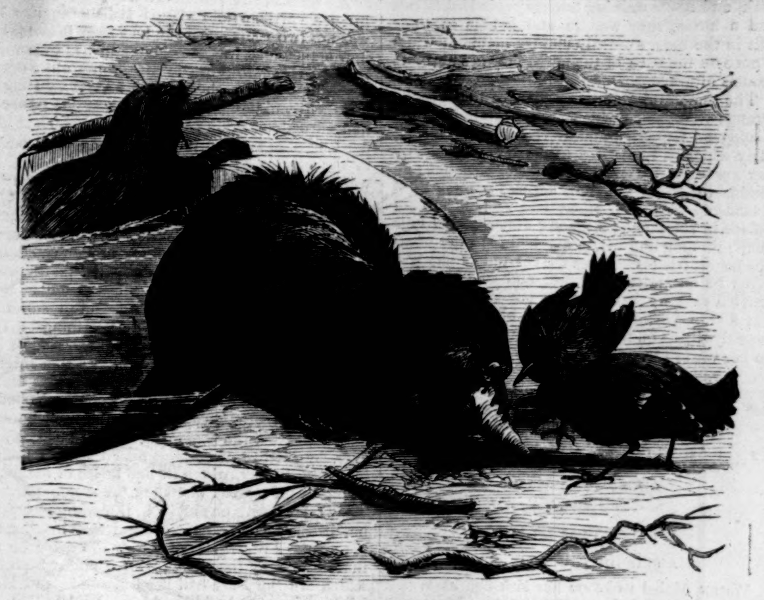
The overthrowing of the column in the Place Vendôme, on the 16th of May, a column designed to commemorate the most glorious era of the military history of France, shows how completely the tide of popular feeling, even in Paris, has turned against Napoleonism, and the intensity of the hatred with which the living ex-Emperor is regarded. The column had long since lost all political significance. It was the monument of a nation, not of a dynasty; and the fact that the Parisians should have consented to its destruction must have shown the exile at Chiselhurst that the magic influence of his name has passed away, perhaps forever.



THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF FRANCE AT CAMDEN PLACE, CHISELHURST, ENGLAND, 1871.



GIRAFFES TAKING EXERCISE.



BEAVER AND BLACK-TAILED WATER-HENS.

ZOOLOGICAL ECCENTRICITIES.

In the course of time New Yorkers will have a splendid zoological garden in their Central Park, equal, no doubt, to any thing of the kind in Europe. Meantime, we give on this page several sketches made in the famous Zoological Gardens of London. Here, for instance, we have the giraffe, as it appears when galloping—an exercise to which it is sometimes partial, and which no one can see without laughter.

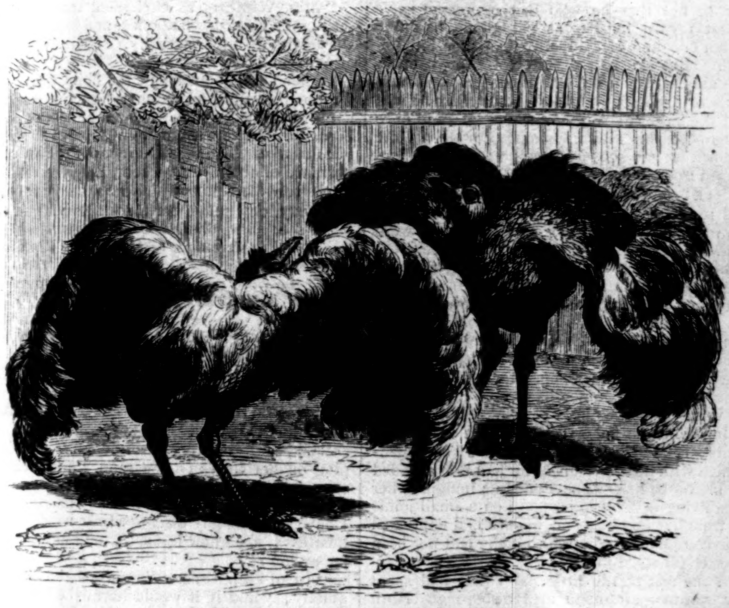
The gallop of the giraffe has well been described as a series of frog-like hops, not in the least like the splendid action of the horse, or the bounding grace of the greyhound. At every leap the hind-legs are flung wildly apart, and brought far in advance of the fore-legs, while the long neck causes the body to sway from side to side, like the rolling of a screw-steamer in a cross-sea; and the tail switches about over the back, the long stiff hairs with which it is terminated hissing as they are jerked through the air. The long legs and neck of the giraffe have another odd effect on the movements of the animal, preventing it from reaching an object on the ground unless it assumes a most singular attitude. Many draughtsmen represent the neck of the giraffe as capable of being bent in curves, like that of the swan. This, however, is not the case, the structure of the vertebræ causing the neck to be nearly stiff. In order, therefore, to enable the animal to take any object from the ground, it has to straddle its fore-legs so widely apart that the creature seems in danger of splitting in two, and then, with some trouble, lowers its head to the ground.

Another cut represents the beaver as it appears when eating a carrot. Its banquet is not a solitary one, for a couple of black-tailed water-hens have made their way to the animal, according to custom, and are on the alert to pick up the fragments which may fall to the ground.

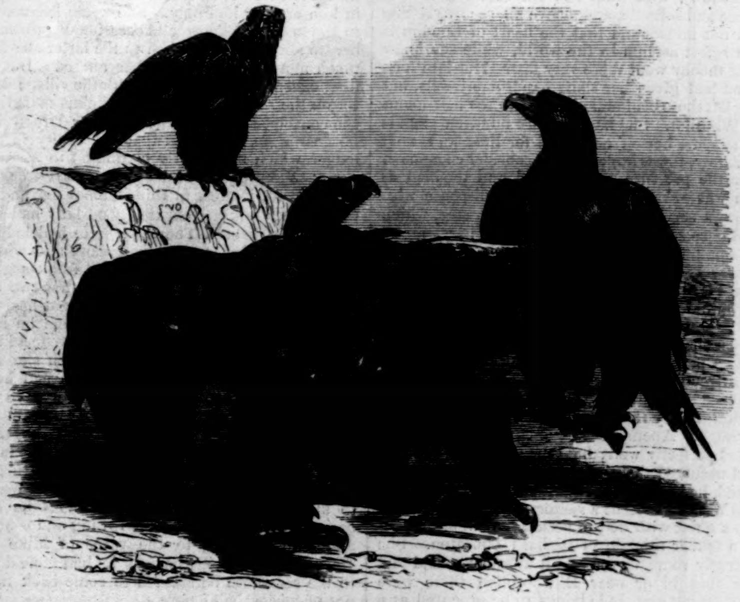
At the bottom of the page is a portrait of a brown bear waiting for a bun, the means seeming rather out of proportion to the object.

Another sketch shows us the salutation of the bird known to zoologists as Darwin's Rhea—popularly, though wrongly, called the ostrich by the colonists of South America. As the bird walks or runs at an ordinary pace the wings are pressed closely to the sides, but on occasions it is fond of performing some singular antics that make it look as if it were half mad. Sometimes it runs about its inclosure as if in the extremity of terror, holding its wings from the body in the mode that is shown; and sometimes it joins with a companion in a series of performances that look as if the birds were dancing a solemn minuet together. During these antics it utters its peculiar booming sounds; and if it be angered, or play at being angered, it assumes a menacing attitude, and hisses like a disturbed snake.

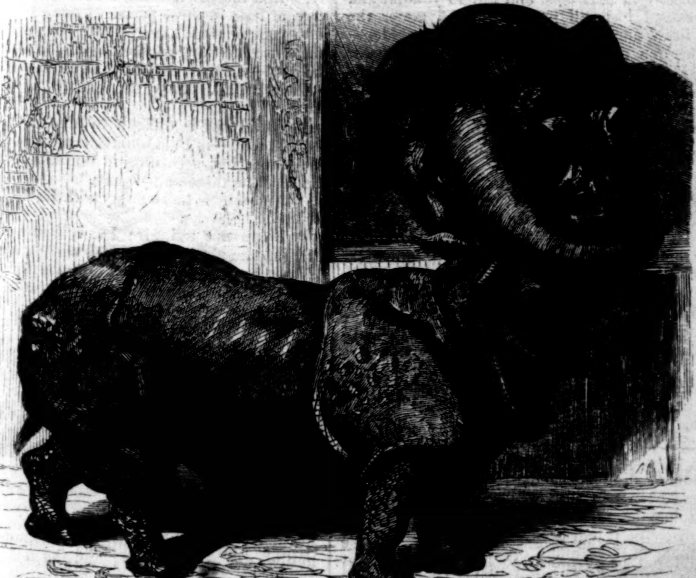
Next we have a sketch of the extremely ungraceful walk of the eagle, which in some things may be compared with that of the giraffe. Sailing through the air in vast spirals, with almost motionless wing, the eagle is one of the most graceful of birds; and when perched upon a pinnacle of rock it is a noble and splendid creature, even though the rock be an artificial one, and inclosed within a wire cage. But the eagle was never intended to walk on a level surface, and when it is forced to do so its movements are as ludicrously clumsy as those of the giraffe. The powerful feet and curved talons have no hold on the level ground, while the structure of the legs forces the feet to be planted so far apart that when the eagle walks it is obliged to sway itself from side to side, just as does a very awkward novice in skating when he finds himself on the ice. The walk of the eagle and the flight of the same bird are much like the movements of the Gaucho of the Pampas or the Comanche Indian. Spending the greater part of their lives on horse-



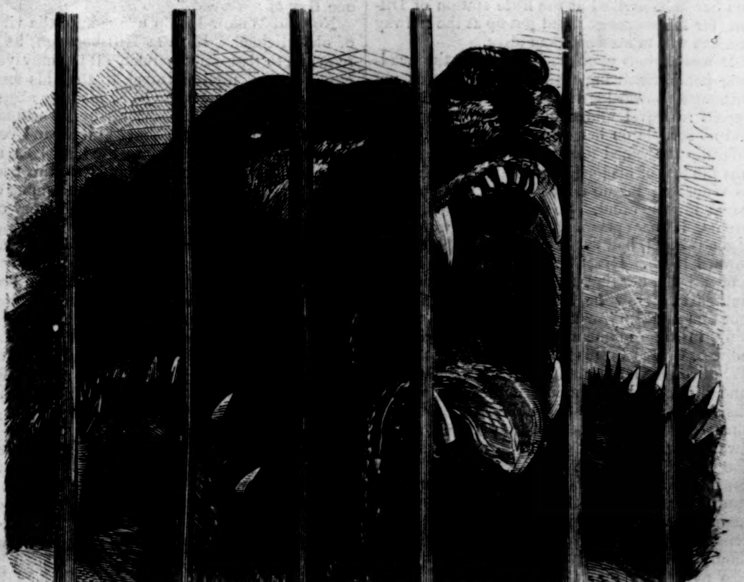
DARWIN'S RHEA—THE SALUTATION.



THE EAGLE'S GRACEFUL WALK.



RHINOCEROS AND ELEPHANT—THE GOOD NEIGHBORS.



BROWN BEAR WAITING FOR A BUN.

ZOOLOGICAL ECCENTRICITIES.

back, and never walking twenty yards if they can find a horse, they waddle and hobble in their gait in the most absurdly clumsy manner; while if once on the back of the horse they are absolute models of grace.

The remaining figure is a good example of the strange friendships which are so common at the Zoological Gardens, and of the yearning for society which is implanted in the breast of all living creatures. Here we have the elephant and rhinoceros, deadly foes in nature, striking up a friendship with each other, and seeking mutual solace in society. So among domesticated animals, the dog and cat, proverbial foes, are often the fastest friends. Even the cat and canary will often be on amicable terms; and so far is this carried that we have had on our knee asleep a cat and a young chicken, the bird very composedly sitting on the back of the cat and nestling in her warm fur.

WON—NOT WOOED.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Bred in the Bone," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XLII.

A SLIP OF THE TONGUE.

When Mabel woke on her sick-bed at Wapshot to set her mind on flight, a spot whereto to flee presented itself to her on the instant. Her very ignorance of localities assisted her in making her choice, since it narrowed it to within such scanty limits. She had scarcely moved from her village home until she went to stay with her sister at Shingleton, and since then, she had only been acquainted with London and Brackmere. The latter, as has been shown, was out of the question as a hiding-place; and from London she shrank appalled: the recollections which she entertained of the great city were those of gayety and fashion; of crowds of people talking reams of small-talk; of elaborate gallantries and heartless show; and what she craved for now was peace and solitude, and, above all, security. She did not understand that the heart of London is the safest asylum in the world, while she knew that money went there very fast. Her late husband had given her some handsome jewels, but she left those behind her to add to the heir-looms of Wapshot. She had only six hundred pounds to support herself and child for life; and, next to safety, it was imperative to consider cheapness. For the present—weak and ill and terrified as she was—she felt she could not dispense with Carry's services; and this little fortune, which had once seemed so inexhaustible to her, appeared small, indeed, for the sustenance of three persons. What spot was that of which she had heard it said that you could live for a mere song, if you did not mind how you lived? What out-of-the-way village near the sea-coast was that which she had once passed through and noticed it as a place where all were poor? It had had no attractions for her then, though now its very absence of all attraction attracted her, and it was with difficulty that she recalled its name—Hillsborough. Anemone Bay, of course, she remembered perfectly well; but the recollection of what had occurred there, and by whom she had been saved, had nothing to do with her choice. Death had been too recent a visitor, Peril was too present a guest with her, to permit the entertainment of a tender thought of Richard Thornton. She scarcely remembered that it was he who had told her that in or near Hillsborough there were modest but cleanly lodgings to be procured at a price to suit the most slender purse, though she had decided to act upon the information.

The post-chaise, which met the little party of fugitives at the cross-roads, conveyed them to a railway junction, where (as it happened) the train they took met, as it started eastward, the one which was bearing Horn Winthrop toward his home. Well for them that they made no pause nor stop, and, traveling crosswise along the iron web of railways, that their trace was broken half a dozen times, so that, while picking up the scent, the scent grew cold to their pursuer; for they were followed in hot haste. When Mabel and her babe arrived at the little station of Dilton (for Hillsborough), and put up at the railway inn, she was more dead than alive.

It was curious enough, considering the headlong panic which impelled her, that it was not without an inward struggle that she could bring herself to travel under an assumed name—she had no scruple on her own account, but for her infant. It seemed doing the boy a wrong, who was the last of his long line, and the rightful heir to Wapshot; for no doubt of that fact now lingered in her mind. So much of good, at all events, if her personal conviction were any "good" at all, had arisen from her rash audacity toward Horn. His "Then you know too much" had satisfied her that his mother's confession was authentic. How he knew it to be so she did not and might never know; though most probably, in some moment of insupportable wretchedness, caused by his ill conduct, the late Mrs. Winthrop had revealed the secret of his birth, and threatened him, as a last resource, with its disclosure. On the other hand, her boldness in thus bearding her foe had made, she was well aware, her very life unsafe; and, what was worse, the life of that little babe, which was even a greater source of danger to him. Even before she had been guilty of offense, he had menaced them both with his bitterest persecution; what vengeance, then, would he hesitate to wreak on them, now that she had stigmatized him to his face as Savage and Bastard! Henceforth she felt that while Horn Winthrop lived there was no safety for herself and child except in the most complete seclusion.

As soon as she was sufficiently recovered she hired a carriage and visited Hillsborough. It was not two years since she had seen it last, yet how stupendous was the change in her own fortunes! Here was the little inn—scarce more than beer-shop—where she and Mr. Flint had seen wolf-fish cooking, and where the angry widow had warned her against the very man who had indeed become her mortal foe. She leaned back in the vehicle as she passed the door, lest this woman should recognize her, whose face she herself could recall so plainly in its ire, and whose voice she once more seemed to hear again hissing out, "Beware of him, for he has a black heart—a black heart!" The other inn afforded no better accommodation than its rival; nor did any of the wretched houses in the place, small as her requirements were, give promise of a suitable lodging. In despair, therefore she inquired of the driver as to the existence of any farm-house in the neighborhood, or other dwelling, that might have rooms to spare. No, was the reply, there was nothing of the sort at Hillsborough. Nobody ever came there, except to see the light-house, and went back the same day. There was, however, by-the-bye, a cottage near the light-house in the north bay, where he had heard of lodgings being let for a week or two in the summer-time. They might drive on and look, if madam pleased; but it was but a poor place, and very inferior to his master's railway inn. They did drive on to that cottage by the brook, with a photograph of which Martha Barr had been favored; and Mabel found all she had hoped for. Widow Droop, the landlady, was a kind, motherly soul, who "took" to the little babe at once in a manner that won Mabel's heart, and only doubted her own means to make the wanderers comfortable. "Winter lodgers are not what one looks for, you see, madam; and hitherto I have only let my rooms to one young gentleman." But the house was dry and clean; and if the apartments were even smaller than those of Martha at Brackmere, they were all the more snug and warm.

In this secluded spot, then, Mabel took up her residence, and—but for that one shadow which we wot of—was happy; for her child grew and throve apace. He was her all in all. She lived in him and for him only. She wrote frequently to Martha, as we know, and occasionally, through her, to sister "Ju," though to the latter she was much more reticent as to her affairs. But at first, except with Carry, and with the village doctor on the subject of Georgey's infant maladies, she conversed with no one. Widow Droop was no gossip, and respected that taciturnity in her lodger which she rightly attributed to sorrow; but as time drew on Mabel found herself beginning to take interest in things about her and in the widow's talk. Now this good lady had but one topic—Richard Thornton. He had lodged with her for three successive years, and was a prime favorite. So handsome and frank a gentleman was never seen, nor, on the first two occasions of his staying with her, so light-hearted a one. But the last time he had come he had quite altered in the last respect: he was as kind as ever, but had become very quiet; if she, the widow, was not greatly mistaken, he had been disappointed in love. Who could ever have rejected him, she could not imagine. A princess might have been glad to have had him; but then girls were *such* fools! Whoever it was, it must have been the young lady's own loss. He had only staid a week, for the place seemed no longer to afford him pleasure. In old times he had been well contented with his rowing and fishing, and with listening to the yarns of Mike the Rover; but of late, whenever he had gone down to the sea-shore he seemed to come back more out of spirits than before.

It was always painful, though somehow not altogether disagreeable, to Mabel to listen to the widow's talk upon this subject; and in order to divert her from it in the present case, she had inquired with a smile who Mike the Rover was, and whether there were pirates at Hillsborough.

"Oh, Mike is no pirate," said the widow, simply, "but as honest an old sailor as ever breathed. Ask at the light-house, ask in the village, and, indeed, ask of any one hereabout, and you will hear nothing but what is good of Michael Baird. He is called the Rover because he has roved over half the world, and is as full of yarns as Anemone Bay of sea-weed."

Nor did Widow Droop exaggerate the virtues of old Michael. Born at Hillsborough, he had returned to that quiet hamlet, after many years' experience of foreign travel, to find his former friends all dead or estranged by his long absence. A new generation had sprung up, to whom he was as unknown as Rip Van Winkle, and yet he had made his home anew in the old place, and, as though to insure the permanence of his friendships for the future, had made them among children. Michael Baird was the idol of every child in the parish. When digging in his little garden-plot he was generally surrounded by a little flock, as the plowshare is followed by the crows; and when among his nets on the beach, his society was still more greedily sought by the young people. He knew where the wonders of the shore were to be found, the prettiest shells, the brightest pools, and, moreover, he was ship-builder extraordinary to the whole people of Lilliput. To see him, with his long white beard and earnest face, elaborating a three-decker out of a piece of drift-wood, amid a circle of wide-eyed children, was a far prettier sight than Michael himself had any idea of. He had none of the self-consciousness which (with the greatest deference to the nautical calling) but too often characterizes the sailor, and makes him an egotist, and sometimes a bore. In simplicity he was a child himself, and in tenderness a woman. And yet it was well understood that Michael Baird had given his proofs of pluck and endurance, and had had a personal experience compared with which for roughness and peril a fisherman's life at stormy Hillsborough was but as a season in Mayfair. It was with this old fellow that Master Georgey, as soon as he grew old enough to be set down to toddle on the sand, struck up one of those unequal friendships which, between old age and extreme youth, seem to redeem poor human nature from those sweeping charges brought against it by the theologians. On one side, indeed, the sense of benefits received and the expectation of further favors may suggest the alliance; but on the other—that of the gray-beard—it is surely the result of naught but the divinest tenderness and human love. That grandsires who have been hardened by so many of the world's winters should melt, as they often do, toward their children's children, and, for their sake, become children again, is no light matter; but where the ties of blood are wanting, and childhood has still so marvelous a power of attraction, it is a sight that should give us something beyond pleasure—the assurance of the indestructibility of human love.

On the beach at Hillsborough, all the summer long, Georgey and old Michael had been inseparables. In their case the fable of Sindbad was reversed, for upon the shoulders of this Old Man of the Sea the child had careered over the sandy plain, and explored every creek and cove; and yet, strange to say, this had never happened in his mother's company. She seldom stirred abroad, though Carry and he never failed to do so when the weather permitted. When she did walk out her steps always turned toward the light-house (in the opposite direction from the scene of old Michael's occupation) and Anemone Bay. She would sit there for hours, now watching her child at play, now gazing upon that magnificent scene, the attractions of which had so nearly proved her destruction, not so very long since in years, but a whole existence ago if reckoned by vicissitude and loss. Mr. Winthrop and the good Professor were dead; she had read the announcement of the latter's decease in the newspaper (headed A Loss to Science) some months ago, not without tears, and yet not with the poignant sorrow she would have felt of old, or if, in the mean time, he had given some evidence of having remembered her. It had really been a blow to her that he who had expressed such earnest regard for her at Shingleton had not written one line of sympathy upon her father's death. But she had never ceased to wear the little amulet which he had given her with such words of deep good-will; and now that he was dead she forgot his forgetfulness of her, and only remembered his kindliness and courage. How unselfish he had shown himself, and how tender-hearted and careful for others—for her—on yonder rock! Well, he was dead. And Mrs. Marshall she had not so much as heard of since her own marriage. As for Ju and Fred, they were far away, and almost dead to her likewise, as it seemed; but here she rebuked herself, and confessed that it was not they, but circumstances, which had been to blame for their estrangement. But for that unfortunate misunderstanding at Shingleton her sister's causeless jealousy would never have been aroused, and she herself would have been welcomed with open arms to her distant home. Ju loved her still, it was certain, and had written her the most affectionate and sympathizing letter on her widowhood, besides several others since. It was impossible she could sympathize with her *now*, since she had not confided her affairs to her. The Pennants imagined her to be living in some quiet place on a small jointure from her late husband, and Ju had expressed their common indignation that she had not been "better provided for."

Of the rest of the little party that had spent that summer afternoon at Hillsborough, Horn Winthrop (at that time the least considered by her) had become the scourge of her life; and Richard Thornton, for a brief time the loadstar of it, a mere memory. Horn she thought of at all times, with a shudder; of Richard only occasionally, as now, when gazing on the place where he had rescued her from the jaws of death. Over that very promontory he had pushed the boat before him that had proved their ark of safety. What exertion must it have cost him, and with what a will must he have worked, to have overcome such difficulties! Could she ever forget that supreme moment when his boat stuck immovably in that ooze and tangle yonder, and all seemed lost, till he disappeared under the boat itself, and lifted it on his strong shoulder—"Like one of Homer's heroes," the Professor had said; like a hero, certainly. Once more she beheld the sunshine upon his noble head as he rowed out to save them; the play of his skillful arms; the look of thankfulness on his handsome face, as though it had been he who was rescued, and not they. Once more she felt the pressure of his hand as he held it out to help her in, heard the sound of his cheery voice; and then, again, those sharp words interchanged between himself and Horn. They were sweet to her now, though they had alarmed her then; he was one (she felt) who could have defended her, even from that terrible man.

From the incidents of that eventful day her memory strayed to Shingleton. How strangely Richard had behaved to her there, how reserved and cold had been his manner; and yet how inconsistent had his coldness been with that silent hand-clasp at the railway station with which he had bidden her adieu forever! When she thought of that a blush came into her pensive face, which deepened into crimson as the recollection of his anonymous gift recurred to her. It had been her ruin, for her misunderstanding of it had made her a loveless wife, while the discovery of it had been used by Horn as an instrument of torture and oppression. Moreover, it was wrong of Richard to have sent it, and most unjustifiable. That he had saved her life gave him no right to reach out his hand to help her poverty, even though the generosity which dictated the gift had been outdone by that which had kept it secret. But though her heart resented the acceptance of it, it melted toward the giver. She could not forget the delicacy with which, when they met at Wimbledon, he had avoided all allusion to the past. That he had loved her up to that moment, when he suddenly found her another's bride, she had no doubt; and knowing this, she felt that not without cause he might have reproached her. Well, all was over now. She would, if it was possible, return him that money some day as secretly as he had sent it; and in the mean time—and forever—Richard and she would be strangers to one another. She did not even know whether he was alive. Upon parting from Widow Droop he had made use, it seems, of a strange expression. "You will never hear of me again," he said; which had afflicted the good woman sorely. "He was too good a young gentleman to kill himself for any young hussy," she had said to Mabel, little dreaming to whom she spoke; "but it is my belief that he meant to go abroad somewhere, and live there for good and all; very like in one of those outlandish places beyond seas as Michael Baird talks of, where the women are black outside as well as in." The whole sex suffered in her opinion, so very indignant was Widow Droop at the supposed ill treatment of her lodger by his lady-love.

The affection of little Georgey for his friend Michael took on one occasion the form that a child's friendship often does take—namely, the casting off, in its favor, of allegiance to domestic authority. He refused to go home with his Carry at the time appointed, preferring Mike's society and castle-building to the tea and bread-and-butter that were awaiting him at home.

"But, my darling, it is getting late," reasoned Carry.

"No, no! plenty of time; 'tay with Mikey 'ittle 'onger." And he clung about "Mikey" accordingly with his little arms and legs, like a small python. The old man, who, it must be confessed, was not much of a stickler for discipline, was, as usual, loath to part with him.

"But you really must let him come, Michael," pleaded Carry, "for it is past his time, and Mrs. Winthrop will be getting so nervous."

"Mrs. Winthrop?" exclaimed the old man, setting the child down at once, and repeating the words with an intense gravity. "Mrs. Winthrop of Wapshot Hall?"

In her excitement about the child Carry had for the first time forgotten to use the assumed name by which her mistress was known at Hillsborough. In vain she now endeavored to rectify her mistake. The consciousness of the vast importance of their retreat being kept secret, and of the terrible results which might flow from its discovery, only made her more nervous and embarrassed. Repudiation of her previous statement, and the pretense of its being a slip of the tongue, were equally inefficacious. Michael had heard the word distinctly, and had his own reasons for sticking to the original text.

"I ought to have known it without your telling me," replied the old man, taking Georgey's face in his large weather-beaten palms, and regarding it with the utmost tenderness. "The dear child's face seemed familiar to me directly I set eyes on it; for he is the image of his father, that I knew so well."

"Oh, Sir! oh, Mr. Baird!" cried Carry, dropping on her knees on the sand, "for Heaven's sake, and for our darling's sake, whom you pretend to love, I adjure you never to mention what I have so unhappily disclosed! It would kill my mistress if she knew it; she would never have a happy hour!"

"I can keep a secret," returned the old man, quietly; "and if it would harm the boy to tell his name, you may be sure that it shall never pass my lips."

"It would be his death," cried Carry, earnestly: "his brother Horn would murder him. He has turned my mistress and her child out of house and home, as it is, to get bread how they can, though he himself is rolling in riches; and not content with that, he has sworn to be the death of them. Oh, Michael, I believe you are kind and true, and will never harm them; but if, through you, they are discovered by their enemy, then their blood will be upon your head."

"Blood is a serious word," said Michael, slowly, "and murder a thing that is not done every day, at least in these parts. I don't want to pry into your mistress's secrets, but you must answer me a question or two, the answers to which shall be used—believe me, lass—in the child's service, or not at all. How old, exactly, is this Mr. Horn?"

"Well, that is difficult to answer. He was born abroad—in Patagonia or some such outlandish place; but, according to Wapshot reckoning, he must be three-and-twenty."

"And why is he so angry with his little brother here?"

"I can not tell, Sir; I only know it *is* so. Perhaps he is afraid the child will get a little of his great estate; whereas I am sure my mistress does but desire to live in peace, and out of harm's way."

"I must see her," observed Michael, with resolute decision.—"Georgey, lad, will you ride pickapack on old Mike's shoulders home?" An offer accepted on the spot.

"Oh, Mr. Baird," pleaded Carry, "Mrs. Winthrop has seen nobody for more than two years!"

"She must see *me*, however," said Michael; and this time there was something more than determination in his tone. It was severe almost to harshness. His face, too, had a very different look from that which it was wont to wear when Georgey's arms were clinging about his neck, and his little fingers playing with his beard, as he trudged with his unconscious burden toward the cottage, and Carry followed in silence and in tears.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE LIVING WITNESS.

Mabel was already looking anxiously from her window, when the little procession threading the tiny copse came out upon the wooden bridge. What could the coming of this strange man portend? She guessed it was Michael; but her orders had been strict to Caroline that no one whatever should be brought to the cottage. A new face, however friendly, seemed to her fraught with peril. But danger from the quarter whence she always looked for it she did not at the moment fear, but that some accident had happened to Georgey. She flew down stairs, expecting to find him with bruise or cut, since Michael was carrying him upon his shoulders.

"Mamma, mamma, Mikey come to tea!" cried the little fellow, clapping his hands, and urging his human horse to greater speed.

Michael set down his burden, pulled his gray forelock, and looked from Mabel to her maid with wondering eyes. "This is not Mrs. Winthrop," said he, doubtfully.

Mabel turned deadly pale.

"Oh, madam, I could not help it," pleaded Carry. "It was a slip of the tongue. But he has promised never to say a word; and he loves the child so dearly!"

Mabel cast a look of reproach at the poor girl that went to her very heart; then, turning to Michael, she inquired in a tone that she strove in vain to render careless: "If I *am* Mrs. Winthrop, my good man, what then?"

"In that case, I must have a word alone with you, madam, if you please," answered he, respectfully.

With a firm front, but trembling limbs, Mabel led the way into the little parlor, and motioned the old sailor to a chair. Her arms first clasped her child, as though some danger threatened it.

"Oh, you need not fear, ma'am," said Michael re-assuringly; "and least of all upon your little lad's account. My story is not a short one; and if you keep him with you, he will maybe be hungering for his tea."

This simple forethought for the child went to his mother's heart more surely than could any professions of good-will. Georgey was handed to his nurse at once; and Mabel sat down to listen with wonder that was no longer mixed with fear.

"When I came here, madam," began the old man, in grave and quiet tones, "I thought to see a face very different from yours; though, when I saw it last, it was scarce less fair. The Mrs. Winthrop that *I* knew is dead and gone, it seems."

"The first wife of my late husband died about four years ago," said Mabel.

"Then yonder child is your own: and Mr. Horn is his step-brother, *not* his brother?"

"God forbid!" cried Mabel, involuntarily. "Mr. Horn Winthrop is a violent and cruel man."

"I have just been told so," said Michael, slowly; "and there is a certain reason that makes me easily believe it. Do not suppose that I am curious or disrespectful, madam, when I ask you whom your step-son resembles: is he like his father, for example, as your own child is?"

"He is not the least like the late Mr. Winthrop," answered Mabel. "He is very dark and swarthy, and a much larger man. His manners, too, in place of being refined, are rude and brutal. When angry, his passion is incontrollable; and, indeed, at this very moment I go in peril of my life by reason of him. He has no more scruple nor mercy than a savage."

"But why does he seek to harm you, and especially your innocent child?"

"He hates us; and that is sufficient to move him to ill deeds."

"He has no reason to fear you, then?"

"None whatever."

"You are quite sure of that?"

The old man regarded Mabel with such earnest and searching eyes as he put this question that she hesitated to reply.

"And yet, if he did but know it," pursued Michael, "he has the best of reasons, since Horn Winthrop is a bastard, and your son is the heir."

"Do you know *that?*" cried Mabel, rising excitedly from her chair. "Oh, when and how did you gain that knowledge? Are you the Michael that was shipwrecked with Horn's mother?"

"I am, ma'am," said the old man, simply.

"God be thanked!" exclaimed Mabel, fervently. "Then read you this." She had snatched the scissors, and cut from her dress the threads that attached to it the precious document which she always wore about her. "Is that confession true, man?"

"It is quite true," said the old man, when he had perused it: "so far, that is, as the poor lady had the means of ascertaining the truth. She thought that I was dead, since the savages told her so, either to serve some purpose of their own, or for their mere love of lying. I was kept prisoner by a different band, but at no great distance; and I heard of all that happened to her, including her escape. Before we separated I had seen her married to the chief, sorely against her will, and but a few weeks after the death of her little babe, which I buried for her with my own hands. Mrs. Winthrop was in no way to blame in the matter, madam"—for Mabel could not repress a shudder: if her Georgey had thus died, she was thinking, was it possible that *she* could have wedded, and so soon; would she not have perished rather?—"When Death says, 'Come!'" pursued the old sailor, "we will do any thing to avoid accepting his invitation; and if the poor lady had declined the offer of this chief, she would without doubt have been put to death. He was a swarthy, fierce-looking savage, half a head taller than the rest, and a great warrior. From what you say, I reckon his son is like him."

"Was her life a very wretched one afterward, think you?" inquired Mabel, pitifully.

Michael shook his head significantly. "Don't let us talk of it, madam. I can't say what it was—for, as I have told you, the poor lady and I were separated—but my heart bled for her. I've heard some people, as have never lived among 'em, talk of noble savages. I never knew no noble ones. They're nasty creatures. They'll holler at you as though they wanted to drive the words into your ears; and they ain't particular as to what they eat. In times of famine they eat their second wives before they eat their dogs. But there, that's enough of *that*. When I heard as the poor lady had escaped I could have cried for joy, notwithstanding that I was still a prisoner, and remained so for many a year, till my own chance came. Even then I did not get home, but was took off by a vessel bound for China. One thing I was resolved on—that, wherever I went, I would say no word about the poor lady's marrying the savage. Those as live at home at ease are harsh judges of them as have been driven to do such things, and women the harshest of all; and my master's wife—God help her! I don't say God forgive her! for He had nothing to forgive in that matter, in my judgment—had always been a good friend to me. So it was, then, that I've always held my tongue about it. When I came home I made inquiries, and learned that Mrs. Winthrop and her child were at Wapshot; and I knew only too well who Master Horn was; but she always believed me to be dead, as she says here. If she had heard I was alive, maybe it would have shamed her, poor soul; and she had enough to bear, as it was, if what I heard then, and have heard since from you, is true. Perhaps some men would ha' made money of what they knew; but such fellows is only fit for Patagonia, and are savages except for their clothes."

"You have behaved nobly, and like a true gentleman," cried Mabel, holding out her little hand to the old man.

"Well, ma'am, I did what I thought was right," answered Michael, simply; "and yet at times I have had my doubts; for I knew something of my master's affairs; and if there should be another son born, says I to myself, what the deuce is to be done *then?* For in that case Master Horn would have all the money, and yet have no right to it. Well, that didn't happen, and time went on; so I held my tongue for good and all. But I had never heard that the poor lady was dead; and when I first set eyes on that little child of yours, so like its father, it gave me quite a turn. Even when I learned the name under which it went I had my doubts; and when to-day his nurse came out so pat with 'Winthrop,' I felt sure that she had told the truth. I thought, of course, that you were my master's late wife; and what I came up here for was to tell her this: Master Georgey must have his own, madam, or old Michael will let the cat out of the bag. That child shall never be crowed over nor ill-treated by this brother of his, who is no brother. As for his being frightened at his savage tricks and Patagonian ways, it is not to be endured, when, as I have said, Mr. Horn has so much more reason to be afraid of *him*."

"You will be our guardian angel!" ejaculated Mabel. "How can we ever prove our gratitude?"

"Well, madam, as to that," said Michael, gravely, "there is no such merit in telling the truth. Only, if I might put in a word of my own, I should wish my poor lady's son—for that he *is*, whoever was his father—to be as lightly dealt with as possible. I'll give my testimony on Master Georgey's side, and welcome; but if matters could be somehow quietly arranged, so as not to make a—a—"

"A public scandal," suggested Mabel. "Indeed, good Michael, that is what must be avoided upon all accounts. Respect for my husband's memory, and for this poor innocent lady's, demand that, quite apart from any wish of yours. So far as I am concerned, I only desire to live at peace with my child; but, at the same time, it is my duty to protect his rights."

"True," said the old man; then added, with a sort of plaintive doubt, "and as for my poor lady, if she knows in heaven what we are now about, she will desire to see justice done, won't she?"

"I think so, Michael," said Mabel, gravely; "and trust me, if I have any voice in this matter, it shall be justice tempered with mercy."

"Thank you, ma'am; thank you," said the old fellow, rising from his chair with the air of one who has had a weight removed from his mind. "Then that's all settled fairly; and when you want old Michael Baird you know where he is to be found."

As soon as he was gone Mabel sat down to her desk, and dashed off those hurried lines to Martha with which we are already acquainted. Her heart was full of hope, if not of happiness, but her brain was in a whirl. She experienced, for the first time, a consciousness of strength, and yet had never felt so helpless, or such urgent need of counsel.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS.

In the latter part of April the Hon. Mr. **Washburne**, our minister to France, paid a visit to the Archbishop of Paris, Monseigneur **Darbois**, who some time before had been arrested by the Commune and thrust into prison, to be held as a hostage. The visit was paid at the earnest solicitation of several high dignitaries of the Catholic Church. Mr. **Washburne** readily obtained permission to see him, and in a letter to the State Department at Washington gives the following interesting account of the interview:

> In company with my private secretary, Mr. M'Kean, I went to the Mazas prison, where I was admitted without difficulty. Being ushered into one of the vacant cells, the Archbishop was very soon brought. I must say I was deeply touched at the appearance of this venerable man. With his slender person, his form somewhat bent, his long beard (for he had not been shaved apparently since his imprisonment), his face haggard with ill health—all could not have failed to have moved the most indifferent. I told him I had taken great pleasure, at the instance of his friends, in intervening on his behalf; and while I could not promise myself the satisfaction of seeing him released, I was very glad to be able to visit him, to ascertain his wants, and to assuage the cruel position in which he found himself. He thanked me most heartily and cordially for the disposition I had manifested toward him. I was charmed by his cheerful spirit and interesting conversation. He seemed to appreciate his critical situation, and to be prepared for the worst. He had no word of bitterness or reproach for his persecutors, but, on the other hand, remarked that the world judged them to be worse than they really were. He was patiently awaiting the logic of events, and praying that Providence might find a solution to these terrible troubles without the further shedding of human blood. He is confined in a cell about six feet by ten (possibly a little larger), which has the ordinary furniture of the Mazas prison—a wooden chair, a small wooden table, a prison bed. The cell is lighted by one small window. As a political prisoner, he is permitted to have his food brought to him from outside the prison; and in answer to my suggestion that I should be glad to send him any thing he might desire, or furnish him with any money he might want, he said he was not in need at present. I was the first man he had seen from the outside since his imprisonment, and he had not been permitted to see the newspapers, or to have any intelligence of passing events. I shall make application to the Prefect of Police to be allowed to send newspapers and other reading matter, and shall also avail myself of the permission granted me to visit him, to the end that I may afford him any proper assistance in my power. I can not conceal from myself, however, the great danger he is in, and I sincerely hope that I may be instrumental in saving him from the fate which seems to threaten him.

On page 501 we give an illustration of the scene so graphically described by our minister.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

We are sorry to hear any evil reports concerning our little friends the English sparrows. They are so tame and confiding, and, withal, have done such a good work in our city, that we feel a grateful attachment to them which would pardon many faults. As a resident of the city, we believe no special complaint is made of the sparrow, excepting that he has driven away our own song birds. We miss many of our pleasant songsters, but far more, and in a very different way, we miss our inch-worms! We must be willing to accept some deprivations not desired with the loss of those spinning nuisances. In the rural districts, however, it is said, the sparrows not only destroy the larvæ of insects, but they rob the fields of grain, to the great damage of the farmer. We sympathize with the farmer, and trust his ingenuity will devise means for protecting his grain. Nevertheless, we continue to rejoice in our freedom from caterpillars. A few years ago the early summer was made exceedingly disagreeable to city people by the inroads of this insect. Not only were the shade trees devoured, but there was no comfort in going out-of-doors. Even if one walked in the middle of the street, protected by a spread umbrella, some of these crawling, spinning creatures were sure to fasten on the garments, and presently to display themselves, perchance at church, or at the dinner-table, erect upon shoulder or head. It came to be a common neighborly service to pick off the intruder, with the simple remark, "Only an inch-worm." Every body was expected to have inch-worms on them. This fashion, however, has gone by, thanks to the busy little sparrows, through whose instrumentality our shade trees flourish, and June walks are made delightful.

It is said to be a fact—and a very curious one it is—that some highly important reports were sent to Louis Napoleon during the time from 1866 to 1869 by his confidential military agent at Berlin, Colonel Stoffel. This keen-sighted observer predicted all the calamities which befell the imperial armies in the year 1870. These reports, however, were found in the private cabinet of the Emperor at the Tuileries with the seals unbroken.

About the 1st of July the National Lincoln Monument at Oak Ridge Cemetery, near Springfield, Illinois, will be completed. It is the intention of the Monument Association to make the occasion one of national interest. The remains of the murdered President will be transferred to the new vault in the base of the monument, and the bronze statue of Mr. Lincoln, just cast from the model by Mr. Meade, will be unveiled.

A diamond of nine carats weight—an uncut specimen from the South African fields—is now on exhibition in Boston, and is quite a curiosity from its remarkable crystal formation. It is an octahedron in form, and when cut it is expected that its value will be about $3000.

The marine aquarium at the Crystal Palace in London requires about 150,000 gallons of sea-water. Nearly one-third of this amount is now in the tanks.

When the day of woman's rights has fully come, will she sing bass and baritone, and leave the soprano and contralto parts in music to be executed by the masculine portion of the community? Probably. This seems to be the inference to be drawn from a little incident which occurred at the recent anniversary meeting of the Woman's Suffrage Convention. A worthy lady opened the meeting by reading some resolutions, but as the noise from the street almost drowned her strong voice, she requested that the windows at the rear of the room be closed. A gentleman in the audience kindly volunteered to read the resolutions for her. "No!" she replied. "I have got as strong a voice as you have! Excuse me," she added, "if I spoke roughly; but the assumption of man that he has a voice that can reach further than a woman's can is—is—well, it is one of his assumptions, that's all."

The Russo-Greek chapel in this city has lately received an elegant gift from Lady Aksakoff, of St. Petersburg, a Russian lady attached to the imperial household. This donation consists of three elaborate pieces of gold embroidery on heavy crimson velvet, which are intended, one for a covering for the chalice, another for the holy disk, and the third as a veil for all the sacred vessels. The Greek cross is the prominent emblem in the embroidery, and all the surrounding tracery is artistic and delicate. The altar service of the Greek church was the gift of the Emperor Alexander, and is exceedingly rich and elaborate.

A revision of law certainly seems desirable. Years ago, when newspapers were few and general education neglected by the masses, a man might be possessed of average intelligence and judgment, and yet not have read about, nor formed an opinion concerning, some affair of general public interest. But nowadays, when newspapers are freely scattered every where, and almost every working-man reads and thinks for himself, it seems like setting a premium upon ignorance and weak-mindedness to have a law which makes that juror most eligible in a criminal trial who has read no newspapers and formed no opinion upon a matter which has been notoriously spread abroad by press and tongue. In a trial where *life* is concerned—the life of one in particular, and the lives of the community in general—it would seem that men of the clearest minds, the most impartial judgment, and the most honest hearts should be chosen to weigh the evidence presented calmly and clearly. If a man's mind is so far unbiased that he can hear the facts on both sides of a case with candor and sincerity, and judge according to them, intelligent reading and honest thinking on all subjects would only the better fit him to give an impartial judgment. In 1871 the men who do not read and do not think stand far below the average in education and intelligence. This is a reading and thinking age, and our laws should correspond to it.

As apropos to this topic, we make a quotation from reports of the court in impaneling a jury for the trial of William Foster, who was charged with the murder of Avery D. Putnam. Viewed in all its aspects, however, the quotation might appropriately be placed under "Humors of the Day." A juror being called, the counsel inquired:

"Have you read any thing about this case?"

"Yes, Sir, I have."

"Did the reading of that leave any opinion on your mind at the time?"

"No, Sir."

"Did you believe what you read?"

"No, Sir."

"Did you disbelieve—regard as untrue, or false—all that you read about the matter?"

"No, Sir."

"Had you no notion as to whether the substance of what you read was true or false when you read the accounts?"

"No. Sir."

"What did you think?"

"I thought nothing."

"Do you know that the man who was killed was Putnam?"

"I don't know nothing."

"Do you suppose it was?"

"I don't know."

"Why don't you know?"

"Because I don't."

"Do you know that Putnam was killed by a man by the name of Foster?"

"No, Sir; I've heard so, but don't know it."

"Do you know this man here [pointing to prisoner] is Foster?"

"No, I don't know it."

"Do you suppose so?"

"I don't know."

The juror was accepted and sworn.

Another man, being questioned, stated that he had read an account of the murder in the newspapers, which had "left a slight impression on his mind." Thereupon the juror's fitness to serve was argued, and it was finally decided that he was not qualified to act impartially! What sort of a mind could that be upon which the record of a deed of violence made *no* impression? Would any amount of evidence make an impression upon it?

Mr. Spurgeon is seriously ill, and physicians have ordered entire rest.

The prestige of the French language is not yet decaying, whatever may be the condition of France. The Prussian minister at Dresden, M. D'Eichmann, having ordered the other day a dinner for sixty guests, when his cook, who is a German, handed him the bill of fare, his Excellency, while expressing his approbation of the *ménu*, was annoyed at the names of the dishes being written in German. The poor *chef* endeavored to excuse himself on the plea that, belonging to the Prussian embassy, and being in Germany, and— "Nonsense," interrupted the embassador; "I must have it all in French. It is the only language fit for good company in the drawing-room, and good cooking in the kitchen."

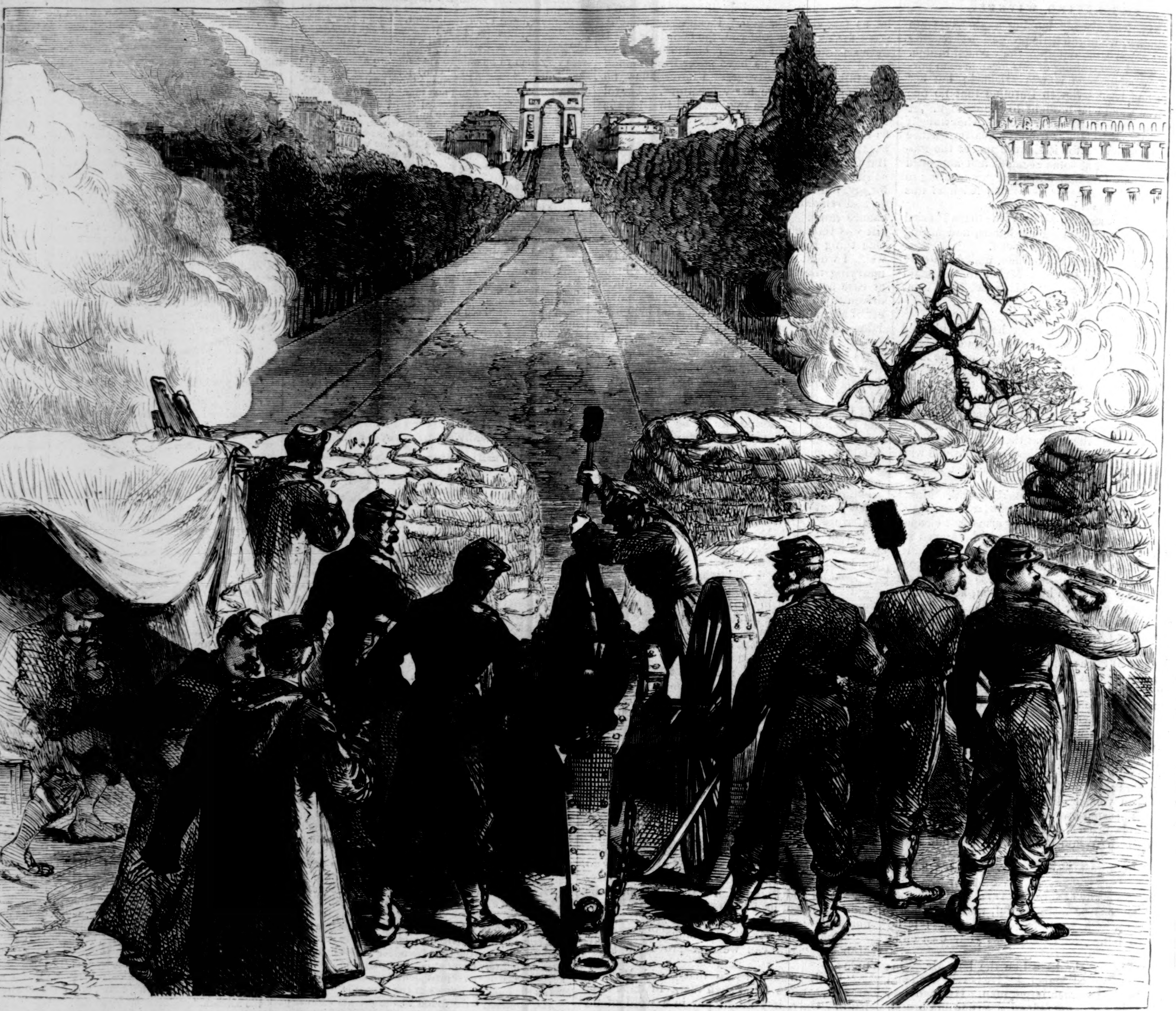
The streets of Paris, once so noted for their attractive neatness, are now said to be in a state of indescribable filthiness. The reason assigned to an Englishman who inquired the cause of this state of things was that the street-sweepers were now employed as members of the government, and there was no one left to clean the gutters.

A most unseemly and unsabbathlike collision recently took place between a Catholic priest and one of his parishioners at the St. Augustine Church in Bridgeport, Connecticut. The priest had stationed himself near the contribution-box in the vestibule of the church to see that the congregation as they entered contributed the requisite amount. This he had been in the habit of doing on previous occasions, and had somewhat excited the ill-will of certain pew-holders thereby. A prominent member of the church, and a pew-holder, came into the vestibule and tendered a few pennies as his contribution; but the offering was refused by the priest, who informed him that it was not sufficient, and that he could not enter the church until he had paid the required sum. The layman, however, attempted to enter the church, whereupon ensued a contest, resulting in blows. The priest was endeavoring to put the offender outside the iron fence inclosure, when the latter suddenly drew a pistol, leveled it at the head of the reverend father, and threatened his life if he advanced another inch. The priest prudently withdrew into the church. It is said that the matter has been satisfactorily adjusted without resorting to legal measures.

The newspapers are to be credited, of course; and a Western journal asserts that California strawberries are so large it is not uncommon for an ordinary family to subsist on one for a week, though there *are* smaller varieties.

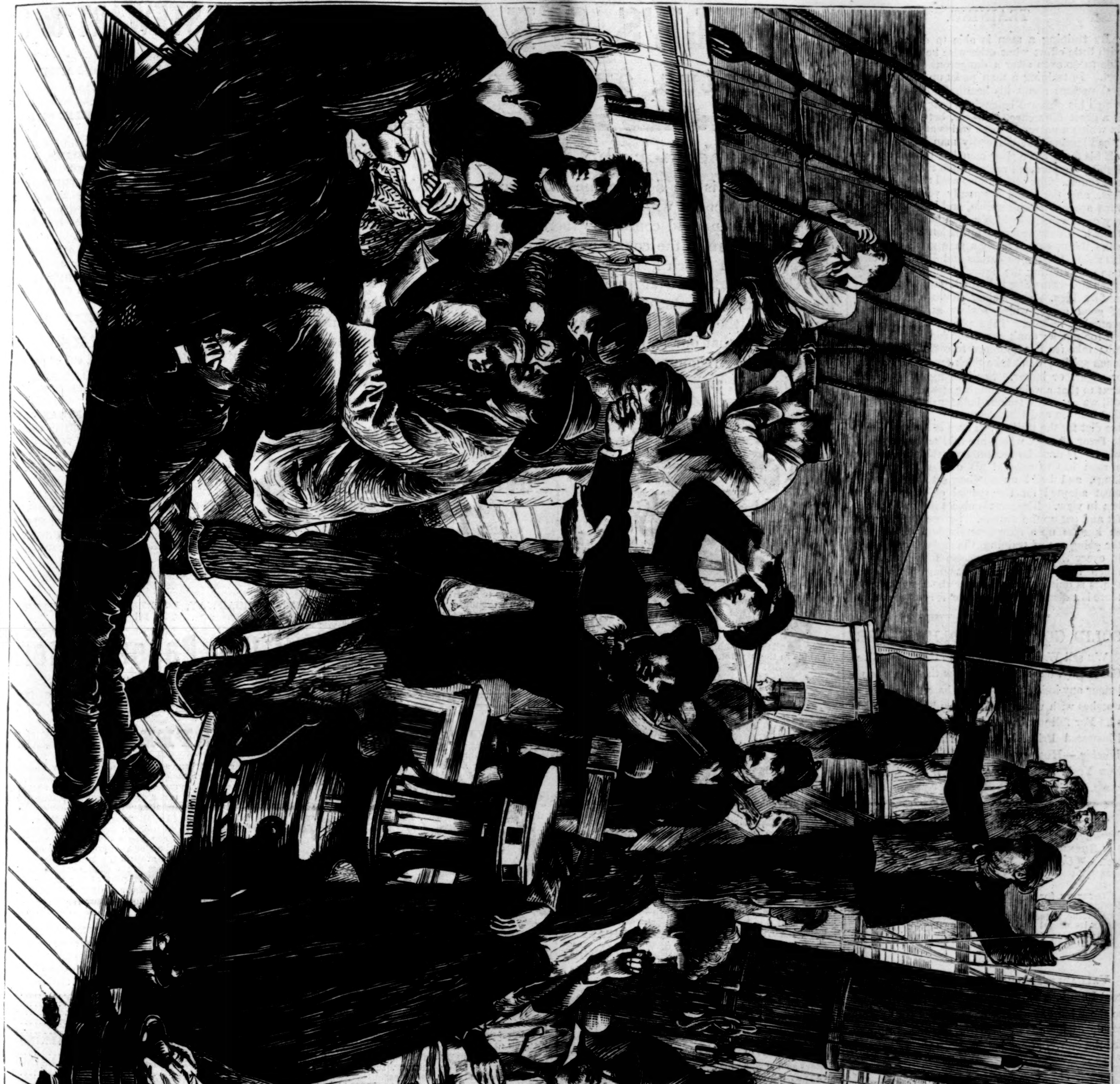
Chicago attempts to get up a sensation concerning Captain John Williams, son of the Rev. Eleazer Williams, whose identity was such a confusing topic of discussion years ago, and whom many believed to be the banished Dauphin of France. It would be no special advantage, however, to be the lineal heir to the French throne in these days of riot and anarchy.

In 1869 a building was taken for three years in Hitchin, near London, for the purpose of establishing a woman's college. Miss Emily Davies, now a member of the London School Board, was one of the ladies with whom this idea originated. The aim of the college is not to give training for any specific profession, but to afford women a liberal education. Lectures are given by Cambridge men. Each student arranges her own time for study, none being admitted under eighteen years of age.



THE CIVIL WAR IN FRANCE—ADVANCED BATTERY AT NEUILLY.—[See Page 509.]

ESCAPING FROM PARIS BY NIGHT.—[See Page 509.]



LAND, HO!—SCENE ON BOARD AN EMIGRANT SHIP.

LAND, HO!

Every one who has made a long voyage will appreciate the feelings of the crowded emigrants, who, after weeks of tedious confinement, come in sight of land. Most of them have never been to sea before, and perhaps never saw salt-water until their arrival at the port of embarkation. Intense, then, is the excitement when the news goes round that land is really in sight. Besides the novelty of the spectacle to persons who have gazed, day after day, on a weary waste of sea, the emigrants are naturally anxious to discover what the country is like which is destined to be their future abiding-place. With these few words of suggestion we may safely leave the sketch on this page to explain itself to the imagination of the reader.

ESCAPING FROM PARIS BY NIGHT.

Many and varied have been the stratagems employed by the anti-Communist Parisians to get away from their once adored capital. Some, it is true, have succeeded, but by far the greater number were discovered in the attempt, and either arrested on the spot and conveyed to Mazas, or let off with a severe caution. Although thus baffled, the prospect of serving in the Commune army and fighting against their own friends and relations was too obnoxious for our anti-Communists not to make another effort for liberty; and accordingly, as the illustration on page 508 represents them, the more courageous determined to throw aside all *ruse*, and boldly escape from the ramparts. Furnished with a strong rope, and in parties of twos and threes, they cautiously sought for some secluded point where the watchful eyes of the rampart sentries would not espy them. This found, they would make their cord fast to the ground, or to a friendly post, and swarm down it with all the haste possible, as, should they be descried, a dozen Chassepôt bullets would be speedily sent after them and effectually prevent their escape. Once on the ground, they would speedily run out of range, and, carefully avoiding the Communist bivouacs, make the best of their way to the advanced posts of the Versaillists, or their whilom enemies the Prussians. So frequent have these desertions become of late that a band of Parisian Amazons has been formed for the purpose of disarming and disgracing those who are captured in the attempt to leave the city. Woe to the poor wretch who falls into their clutches.

ADVANCED BATTERY NEAR PARIS.

The French siege of Paris has been prosecuted with far more bitterness than was that of the Prussians. The latter directed their efforts chiefly against the outlying fortifications, and refrained from doing material injury to the city itself. This forbearance has not been imitated by the troops of the Versailles government, who have not only bombarded the forts, but have shelled the city to such an extent that whole districts have been laid waste. It would seem as if they were bent on doing every thing which they would have condemned the Germans for doing. The illustration on page 508 shows an advanced battery of Versailles troops at the Pont de Neuilly, which has done great execution during the present siege.

TRAINING.

By training a man is able to do easily and with little effort what otherwise he might be unable to do even after a dangerous spasmodic effort. In training a man picks up his first general notions about his health, and the relations which his outward belongings bear to it. There is a great difference, however, between the way in which a university man trains and in which a "cad" trains. A university man has to knock off his feed, but a poor man has to feed up—to imbibe the port and porter which the other must not touch. The prohibitions used to be remorseless, and the rules frequently vexatious; but men are now more sensible, and base their dietary on the food to which a man has been accustomed. Condiments are forbidden, as they provoke thirst, and formerly a man was limited in his fluids, but the barbarous and distressing custom of "stinting the liquor" is pretty generally given up. Smoking is limited, but not altogether forbidden. The trainer shows a great deal of good sense, which society at large might profitably imitate. Take plenty of sleep, but not too much; don't get up too early; mind and tub; take tea in preference to coffee, and never touch spirits; don't take thick crusts, or cheese, or sugar, or butter. Sea-bathing is best, and next to that a weir or running stream, but avoid still water. The trainer judiciously pronounces that venison and Champagne are the best possible diet for the trainee. There is a superstition in favor of eggs, which are said to improve the wind. It must be remembered that in training a man has to unbuild his ordinary heart and lungs, and build up another set that shall be most adapted for the special object which he has in view. The simple object is to reduce the fat and get up the muscle. Severe training often knocks up a man severely, but still oftener the going out of training, the violent indulgence in every thing which has been forbidden, does much more harm. The training for athletic sports is quite as severe as for the boat race: if there is a distinguishable shade, it is more severe.

SOLID GOLD AND SOLID SILVER.

We sell Waltham Watches in Gold and Silver Cases only, but at prices so low that there is no longer any inducement to purchase the worthless watches with which the country has been flooded. For full particulars and prices, send for our Illustrated Price-List, and mention *Harper's Weekly.*—Howard & Co., No. 865 Broadway, New York. *The new "Boy's Watch" is now ready.*—[*Com.*]

"Burnett's Cocoaine is the best hair-dressing."

"Burnett's Cooking Extracts are the best."—[*Com.*]

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And TAN, use PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION. It is reliable and harmless. Sold by Druggists every where. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. Perry, Dermatologist, 49 Bond St., New York.

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Made to Order and Warranted to Fit.
Sent by express, C. O. D., to any part of the country, at the following rates:

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6 "	Better Muslin and Good Linen	10 50
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Designed for the Best Family Trade.

Good Soap is the desideratum of every economical housekeeper, yet the market is flooded with that which has the semblance, but not the qualities of real soap; and consumers thereof unconsciously incur an extravagant expenditure in the course of time. Pyle's "O. K." is a pure article, the economy of which has been thoroughly established. Pyle's Saleratus and Cream Tartar are also unadulterated articles that are well known to thousands of intelligent consumers in New York and New England. We can refer to the editors of this paper, or parade columns of testimonials, but knowing that our articles will speak for themselves, we solicit a trial. If your Grocer recommends some other, depend upon it he has his own interest in view, and not yours.

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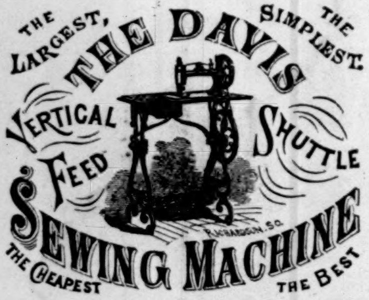

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THE DAVIS has been before the public nearly Ten Years, and, unlike other Machines, has not been puffed into notoriety, but in a quiet way has earned a great reputation on account of its *many desirable qualities.*

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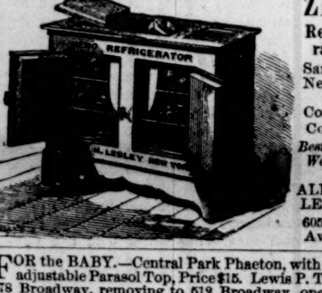
To use the language of a venerable physician of New York, "The Bitters are the purest stimulant and the safest tonic we have. But the uses of the great vegetable antidote are much more comprehensive than such praise would imply. As a preparatory antidote to epidemic disease, a genial stimulant, a promoter of constitutional vigor, an appetizer, a stomachic, and a remedy for nervous debility, no medicinal preparation has ever attained the reputation of Hostetter's Bitters. It is the household tonic of the American people, and in all human probability will be so for centuries to come. The magnates of science recognize its merits, and that it is emphatically the medicine of the masses is proved by its vast and ever increasing sales.



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This story will be commenced next week in The Fireside Companion. The reading public are so well acquainted with Mrs. Comfort's excellence as a story writer that the mere announcement of a new story by her is sure to afford them pleasure.

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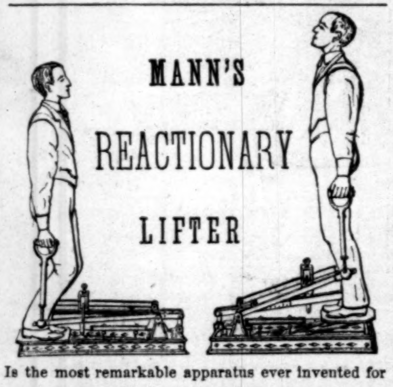

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It is at once more beautiful, compact, and durable, besides being much cheaper, than any other good Apparatus for similar purposes.

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Parties inquire how to get up clubs. Our answer is, send for Price-List, and a Club form will accompany it, with full directions, making a large saving to consumers and remunerative to Club organizers.

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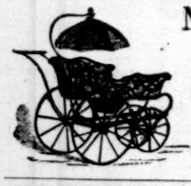

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A SEQUEL to "Little Women." By Louisa M. Alcott. Will be ready June 1st. With illustrations. Price $1 50. Sold every where. Sent by mail, by the publishers, ROBERTS BROTHERS, Boston.

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WHITE AND COLORED CADRILLE SILKS, 87½ cents per yard.

HAIR-LINE STRIPE SILKS, in GOLDEN BROWN, FROU-FROU, MEXICAN BLUES, GREEN, AND PERVAUCHE, $1 per yard.

200 PIECES BEST GRADE NEW STRIPED CHINE AND SHADED SILKS, $1 25, $1 35, and $1 50.

2 CASES VERY LUSTROUS BLACK SILKS, SUITABLE FOR SILK AND IRON GRENADINE UNDERSKIRTS, $1 15 per yard.

5 CASES BLACK DRESS SILKS, $1 50, $1 75, and $2 per yard, much below their former value.

BLACK SILKS IN ALL THE HIGHER GRADES, warranted for durability, from $2 50 to $5 per yard.

A LARGE CHOICE OF CAREFULLY SELECTED PLAIN

DRESS SILKS,

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200 PIECES PLAIN GRISAILLE AND FROU-FROU JAPANESE SILKS, of extra quality, 90 cents per yard.

A CASE OF WHITE-GROUND MIKADO SILKS, WITH SOLID RAISED SATIN STRIPES, BEAUTIFULLY COLORED, $1 per yard.

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3 CASES OF REAL LYONS POPLINS (26 INCHES), IN 30 COLORINGS, $1 25 per yard, worth $1 75.

50 PIECES "PIM'S" REAL IRISH POPLINS OF THE FASHIONABLE GOLDEN BROWN AND FROU-FROU SHADES, $2 25 per yard.

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These Patterns are Graded to Fit any Figure, and are *fitted with the greatest accuracy,* the names and directions for putting together being printed on each separate piece of the pattern, so as to be adjusted by the most inexperienced.

Nine sizes are furnished for Ladies, in the even numbers from 30 to 46 inches; and nine sizes for Misses from seven to fifteen years old, from 25 to 32 inches bust measure. The size is taken for Ladies by passing a tape measure around the body under the arms, across the largest part of the shoulder blades, and two inches above the fullest part of the chest; and for Misses, straight around the body under the arms.

The following patterns are now ready:

Vol. III.

POMPADOUR-BASQUE WALKING SUIT	No. 26
SHORT-BASQUE WALKING SUIT	" 28
TRAINED HOUSE DRESS	" 30
POINTED-WAIST WALKING SUIT	" 32
PEASANT-BASQUE WALKING SUIT	" 34
TRAINED EVENING DRESS	" 38
TRAINED STREET SUIT	" 40
BLOUSE-WAIST WALKING SUIT	" 42
POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 44
HIGH-WAIST TRAINED SUIT	" 46
VEST-CASAQUE WALKING SUIT	" 48
DOUBLE-BREASTED SACQUE WALKING SUIT	" 49
SINGLE-BREASTED SACQUE WALKING SUIT	" 50

Vol. IV.

WORTH-BASQUE HOUSE DRESS	" 1
LADY'S GORED WRAPPER	" 5
LADY'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK	" 11
APRON-POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 13
POSTILION-BASQUE WALKING SUIT	" 15
SHORT-SACQUE WALKING SUIT	" 17
LADY'S TRAVELING SUIT	" 21
MISSES' POLONAISE SUIT (for girl from 7 to 15 years old)	" 23

The Publishers will send either Pattern by mail, prepaid, on receipt of TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. Nine Patterns will be sent for $2 00. No patterns separated or exchanged.

In ordering, please specify the Number of paper containing Suit and send Bust Measure. Dealers supplied at the usual discount.

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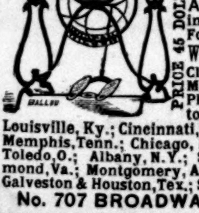
The New Wilson Under-Feed.



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AGENTS WANTED in unoccupied territory. For particulars address **Wilson Sewing Machine Co.** Cleveland, O.; St. Louis, Mo.; Providence, R. I.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Boston, Mass.; Pittsburg, Pa. Louisville, Ky.; Cincinnati, O.; Indianapolis, Ind.; Memphis, Tenn.; Chicago, Ill.; Milwaukee, Wis.; Toledo, O.; Albany, N.Y.; St. Paul, Minn.; Richmond, Va.; Montgomery, Ala.; New Orleans, La.; Galveston & Houston, Tex.; San Francisco, Cal.; or

No. 707 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

CRISTADORO'S THE BEST HAIR DYE.

Depot, 6 Astor House; Factory, 68 Maiden Lane.

ANGLING and FISH-CULTURE.

Scott's book on "FISHING IN AMERICAN WATERS," with 174 Illustrations, teaches the *how* and *where* to fish and propagate fishes. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $3 50. Mailed, prepaid, on receipt of price, by
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Great National Loan.

☞ NEW FIVE PER CENT. BONDS OF THE UNITED STATES.

The Treasury Department is now able to promise that the registered Certificates of Stock, and a good part of the Coupon Bonds of the New Loan of the United States, bearing Five per cent. Interest, payable quarterly in Gold, will be ready for delivery early in the present month. The Subscriptions to the Loan now amount to $62,000,000, and it is expected that the Subscriptions and Sales will progress more rapidly when the Certificates and Bonds are ready for market abroad as well as at home. The whole sum of Five per Cents offered to the public generally, and to the holders of United States 5-20 Bonds, without qualification, is $200,000,000. When this amount, to which preference is thus given, is taken up, the remainder of the Five per Cents, $300,000,000, embraced in the New Loan of July 14, 1870, for refunding the Public Debt, will be offered in connection with $300,000,000 Four and one-half per Cents, and any part of $700,000,000 of Four per Cents, the one running fifteen years and the other thirty years.

The following is a copy of the New Five per Cent. Bond, under and pursuant to the New Loan Act of Congress:

FORM OF 5 PER CENT. BOND.

INTEREST | FUNDED LOAN OF 1881 | 5 PER CENT.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
ARE INDEBTED TO THE BEARER IN THE SUM OF
..............DOLLARS.

THIS BOND is issued in accordance with the provisions of an Act of Congress entitled "An Act to authorize the refunding of the National Debt," approved July 14, 1870, amended by an Act approved January 20, 1871, and is redeemable at the pleasure of the United States, after the first day of May, A. D. 1881, in Coin of the standard value of the United States on said July 14, 1870, with interest in such Coin, from the day of the date hereof, at the rate of FIVE PER CENTUM per annum, payable quarterly, on the first day of February, May, August, and November, in each year. The principal and interest are exempt from the payment of all Taxes or Duties of the United States, as well as from taxation in any form, by or under State, municipal, or local authority.

WASHINGTON, ..., 18....

Entered .... Recorded ....

....

Register of the Treasury.

Registered Bonds will be issued of the denominations of $50, $100, $500, $1,000, $5,000, and $10,000, and coupon bonds of each denomination except the last two. The interest will be payable in the United States at the office of the Treasurer, any Assistant Treasurer, or designated depository of the Government, quarterly, on the first days of February, May, August, and November, in each year.

The Interest on the Registered Stock of this Loan, it is determined by the Treasury Department, will be paid as conveniently to the holder as on the Coupon Stock, and personal attendance, or attendance by proxy, at the Treasury, to draw and receipt for the Interest will be dispensed with, *whenever the check of the United States Treasurer, mailed punctually to the address and order of each holder, on or before every quarter-day, is preferred to such attendance.* This check, payable in Gold Coin at the Treasury in New York (or such other office as the Stock is registered at), will be negotiable or collectable on the indorsement of the owner or owners of the Stock. In pursuance of this arrangement, the subscribers to, or purchasers of, the Stock in its registered form (which is a complete protection against theft or other losses incident to Coupon Bonds payable to Bearer) are advised to give their Post-office address in full, and to notify of any change in the address between quarter-days.

The whole proceeds of the New Loan will be applied to the payment or redemption and cancellation of the 5-20 years six per cent. bonds, and, in addition to these proceeds, the 5-20's are now being reduced by purchase at the rate of $10,000,000 per month.

The entire effect, therefore, of the New Loan, in connection with the existing Sinking Fund process of the Treasury, is to reduce both Principal and Interest of the Public Debt of the United States. *The Loan creates no additional supply of Government Stocks,* while the application of the surplus revenues derived in Gold from Customs is constantly lessening, as it has been doing for two years past, the Funded Stocks bearing six per cent. Gold Interest.

The 1st of May schedule of the Public Debt, which has just been published by the Secretary of the Treasury, shows a reduction in these Stocks since the April schedule of $12,215,700, and a further lessening of the yearly interest charge thereon of $732,942. This leaves the total yearly interest charge in Gold $111,982,034. In the same month the Treasury paid and canceled $2,470,000 of the Three per Cent. Currency Debt, reducing the whole of this debt bearing interest to $51,023,000, and the yearly interest charge thereon to $1,537,470.

The proposed further reduction of the annual interest charge upon the Public Debt by refunding is as follows:

By exchange of $500,000,000 United States six per cents for new five per cents of 1881	$5,000,000
By exchange of $300,000,000 United States six per cents for four and a half per cents of 1886	4,500,000
By exchange of $700,000,000 United States six per cents for four per cents of 1901	14,000,000
Total saving per annum by refunding.	$23,500,000

The large and rapid accumulation in the last few years of private capital now retired from active business, and of the cash Savings and Life Insurance premiums deposited with or intrusted to the provident institutions of the country—all seeking the most undoubted security, pledged to be kept free of all taxes, under national or local authority, and content, provided this object be assured, with moderate rates of interest—will, no doubt, ultimately absorb so much of these New Stocks as may not be taken in voluntary conversion of United States 5-20's, or marketed abroad.

C. C. NORVELL,
In charge of United States Loan advertising.

TREASURY OFFICE,
NEW YORK, *May* 2, 1871. }

COLLINS
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THE COLLINS WATCH FACTORY.—All our Watches are Full-Jeweled Levers, Gents' and Ladies' Sizes. Prices $15, $20, and $25, equaling in every respect Gold Watches costing $150, $200, and $250. Prices of Chains from $2 to $12, according to weight and style of finish. Jewelry in every way as good as gold at one-tenth the price. The *genuine* Collins Metal goods can only be had by sending to us direct. When six watches are ordered at one time the seventh one will be sent as a premium, free. Goods sent by express, C. O. D.

C. E. COLLINS & CO., 335 Broadway, New York.

1003 GIFTS.

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For the benefit of the
FOUNDLING ASYLUM OF THE SISTERS OF CHARITY in the City of New York, and Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphans' Home, Washington, D. C.,
To be held in WASHINGTON, D. C., under and by virtue of a permit from the Hon. Commissioner of Internal Revenue, on WEDNESDAY, JUNE 7, 1871.

The following gifts will be awarded by the Commissioners:

4-story brick house 66 N. Calvert St., Balt.	$28,000
2240 acres of timber land in Wash. Co., Md., with 3 dwellings and saw-mill, lying on Ches. and Ohio Canal	20,000
3-story brick house 122 Bolton St., Balt.	16,500
3-story brick house 210 Conway St., Balt.	7,500
1 fine residence near Govanstown, 3 miles from Balt. City, on Passenger R. W	11,000
3 do. do., same location	25,000
7 lots adjoining above suburban property, $2500 each	17,500
Cash gifts	9,000

30,000 bonds Brownsville Precinct and Lincoln Co., Neb., 7 per cent. gold interest.

$4000 U. S. bonds; $10,000 N. C. State bonds; 110 shares National Mec. Bank, Balt.; 100 shares Citizens' National Bank, Balt.; 100 shares Northern Cent. R. R.; 100 shares Erie R. R.; 20 shares Balt. and Ohio R. R.; 20 shares Phila., Wilmington, and Balt. R. R.

52,000 tickets only will be sold, at $5 each.

Hon. H. McCULLOUGH, of Elkton, Md.,
Major GEO. T. CASTLE, Baltimore, Md.,
Commissioners.

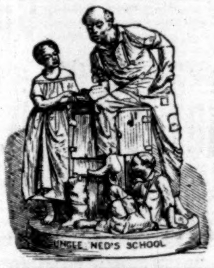
Hon. JAS. S. NEGLEY, M.C., Pittsburgh, Pa.,
Trustee.

References.—Maj.-Gen. D. Hunter, U. S. A., Washington, D.C.; the Hon. James S. Negley, Pittsburgh, Pa.; First National Bank, Hagerstown, Md.; Appleman & Co., bankers, Hagerstown; Undegraff & Sons, Hagerstown; the Hon. R. J. Brent, late Attorney-General, Baltimore; C. F. Abbot, Esq., 20 P. O. Ave., Baltimore; John Fowler, Esq.; W. H. Myers, of W. H. Myers & Bro., Exchange Place, Baltimore.

Deeds of the above real estate, certified to by counsel, in the hands of the Trustees.

Tickets and circulars can be had of
P. C. DEVLIN, General Agent,
Stationer and Printer, 31 Nassau St., New York,
and at the news-stands of all the principal hotels.

Orders by mail receive prompt attention.



UNCLE NED'S SCHOOL,

A Group of Statuary by John Rogers. Price $15. This and other Groups will be delivered at any railroad station in the United States, free of expense, on receipt of the price.

Inclose stamp for illustrated Catalogue and Price-List to

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DUTCHER'S DEAD SHOT for Bed-Bugs.
TRY THEM, AND SLEEP IN PEACE.

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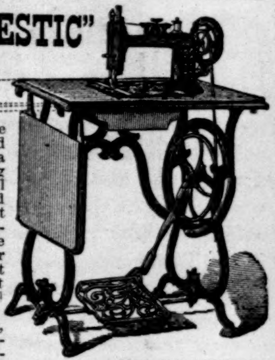

The whole world challenged to produce a Family Sewing Machine that will sew as *light* and as *heavy;* light running and easily operated. The best machine for use, the easiest to sell, the most durable—will last a lifetime Lock stitch, noiseless, attachments unequaled. A good business may be established in any city or town in the U. S. This machine has established its superiority in every instance where it has come in competition with any machine in the market. Men with capital are finding it to their advantage to make the sale of this machine their exclusive business. *Agents wanted in unoccupied territory.* Machines guaranteed as represented.

Address **"Domestic" Sewing Machine Co., 96** Chambers St., New York, or Toledo, Ohio.

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IS A PURE
BLACK TEA
WITH THE
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WARRANTED
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With one of our presses, and the material accompanying it, every man can do his own printing, thus saving much time and expense. Circulars containing full information about these Presses, prices, recommendations, &c., mailed free on application. Specimen-books of types, cuts, borders, &c., &c., 10 cents. ADAMS PRESS CO., 53 Murray Street, New York.

The Two Great HAIR PREPARATIONS

Are BARRY'S SAFE HAIR DYE, the only coloring free from dangerous ingredients, and BARRY'S TRICOPHEROUS, the fragrant hair renewer and delightful dressing, established over 70 years.

JAPANESE PAPER WARE.—Invaluable to every housekeeper. Dealers are invited to test these goods, now successfully introduced, *to wit.:* Water, Milk, and Commode Pails, Slop Jars, Milk Pans, Wash Bowls and Basins, Spittoons, Trays, &c. They are water-proof and durable, will not shrink or break, are enameled in colors. Send for Descriptive and Price Lists to the manufacturers, JENNINGS BROTHERS, 352 Pearl St., New York City. *Trade supplied.*

FRAGRANT SAPOLIENE

Cleans Kid Gloves and all kinds of Cloths and Clothing; removes Paint, Grease, Tar, &c., *instantly,* without the least injury to the finest fabric. Sold by Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers. FRAGRANT SAPOLIENE CO., 33 Barclay St., New York; 46 La Salle St., Chicago.

Helmbold's Catawba Grape Pills

APRIL, MAY, and JUNE purify the blood and beautify the complexion by using
HELMBOLD'S CATAWBA GRAPE-JUICE PILLS, and
HELMBOLD'S HIGHLY CONCENTRATED FLUID EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA.

In the Spring and Summer months the system undergoes a change. This is the time to use good blood-renewing, purifying, and invigorating medicines. "Helmbold's Fluid Extract Sarsaparilla," and "Helmbold's Fluid Extract Grape-Juice Pills," are the best and most reliable.

One bottle of "Helmbold's Fluid Extract Sarsaparilla" equals in strength one gallon of the syrup or decoction as made by druggists; and a wine-glass added to a pint of water equals the celebrated Lisbon Diet Drink—a delightful and healthful beverage.

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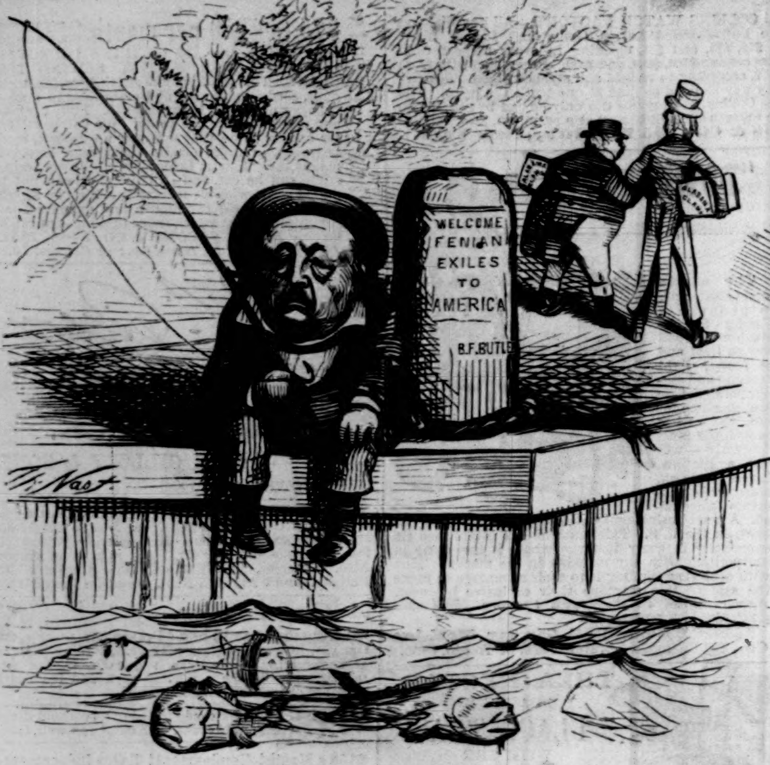
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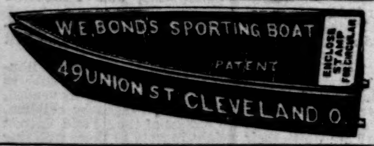

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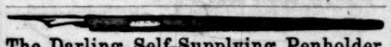

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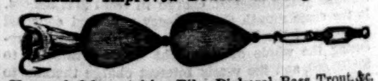

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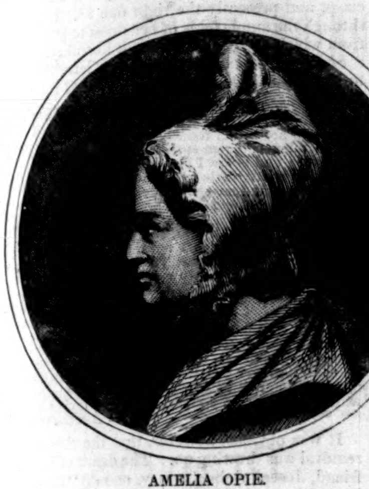
ROPER CALORIC ENGINE CO.,
Removed to 124 Chambers St. Send for Circulars.

MEMORIES OF DISTINGUISHED AUTHORS.

AMELIA OPIE.

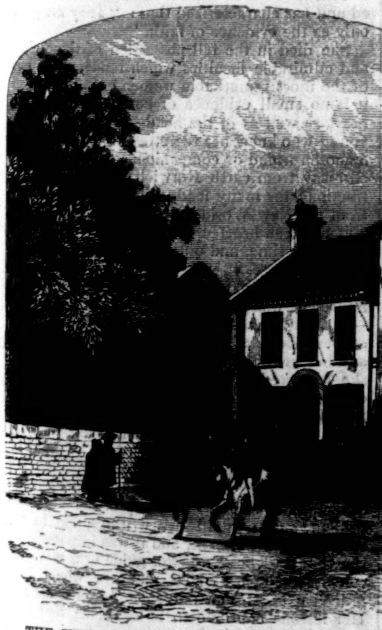
By S. C. HALL.

AMELIA OPIE lived to be eighty-four years old. I saw her but a short time before her death, sitting in an easy-chair, in her drawing-room at Norwich; and the ruling passion was still alive, for she was neatly and gracefully dressed, and moved as if she would rise from her seat to welcome me. She had preserved other of the attributes of her youth, and in her "the beauty of age" was a charming picture. She was the only child of James Alderson, M.D., and was born on the 12th of November, 1769, in the parish of St. George, Norwich; and in that city she died, on the 2d of December, 1853, having passed there nearly the whole of her life; for when she became a widow she returned to it, and, with few brief intermissions, it was ever afterward her home.



AMELIA OPIE.

She did not become an author until after her marriage. That event took place in 1798. Late in the previous year she wrote to one of her friends, "Mr. Opie (but mum) is my declared lover." She hints, however, that her heart was pre-engaged, and that she "ingenuously" told him so. He persisted, nevertheless. At that time, she adds, "Mr. Holcroft also had a mind to me," but he "had no chance." She was "ambitious of being a wife and mother," and "willing to wed a man whose genius had raised him from obscurity into fame and comparative affluence." "Her future husband she first saw at an evening party, as she entered" (as her friend and biographer, Lucy Brightwell, states) "bright and smiling, dressed in a robe of blue, her neck and arms bare, and on her head a small bonnet, placed, in somewhat coquettish style, sideways, and surmounted by a plume of three white feathers." The painter, John Opie, was "smitten" at first sight. He was rugged and unpolished; she had the grace and lightness of a sylph. He (according to Allan Cunningham) looked like an inspired peasant; she, if her admirers are to be credited, had the form and mind of an angel. Yet they were married, in Marylebone Church, on the 8th of May, 1798; and the young bride preserved a record of her *trousseau*—"blue bonnet, eight blue feathers, twelve other feathers, two blue Scotch caps, four scolloped-edge caps à la Marie Stuart, a bead cap, a tiara, two spencers with lace frills, et cætera, et cætera."



THE DWELLING OF AMELIA OPIE AT NORWICH.

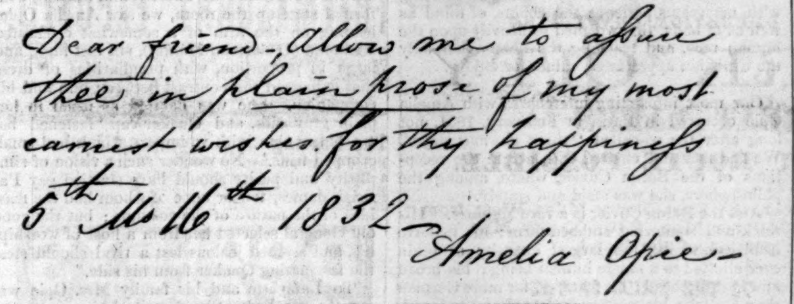
Opie was not rich; "great economy and self-denial were necessary;" and so she became "a candidate for the pleasures, the pangs, the rewards, and the penalties of authorship."

"Gayety" was her natural bent; not so that of Opie; yet she did her duty by him from first to last; and as, no doubt, she expected little of romance, giving her husband more respect than love, her married life passed in easy contentment until his death, on the 9th of April, 1807, and his burial in St. Paul's, in a grave beside that of Sir Joshua Reynolds. She bears testimony to his "general worth and natural kindness;" yet he was undoubtedly a coarse man, as one who knew him well writes, "rugged and unpolished, to say the least," although, as Haydon describes him, "of strong understanding, manly, and straightforward."[*]

She is described, at that period, as exceedingly beautiful, intellectual, refined, graceful, and altogether lovely. She sang sweetly,[†] painted skillfully, and was remarkably brilliant in conversation; and it must have astonished many to find the lovely, fascinating, and accomplished girl preferring Opie to the host of lovers that gathered in her wake.

From that far-away time she was a widow; as she mournfully writes in after years, "a lone woman through life, an only child, a childless widow," yet ever, as maid, wife, and widow, enjoying society, for some time the gayest of the gay, but always without spot or blemish, slander never having touched her fame. She was all her life long "true and lovely, and of good report."

She did not join the Society of "Friends" until the year 1825, although she attended their meetings much earlier. In 1814 she writes, "I left the Unitarians;" but it does not appear that she was ever in actual connection with that body, although she had frequent intercourse with them, and held "unsettled opinions" concerning the Christian faith.



Dear friend - Allow me to assure thee in plain prose of my most earnest wishes for thy happiness
5th Mo 16th 1832 - Amelia Opie -

FAC-SIMILE OF AMELIA OPIE'S HANDWRITING.

In 1825 her father died. He, too, had "accepted Christianity," was "a believer in the atoning work of the Saviour," and, if not a Quaker, was, notwithstanding, interred in the Friends' burying-ground at Norwich, in a grave in which his daughter was laid more than a quarter of a century afterward.

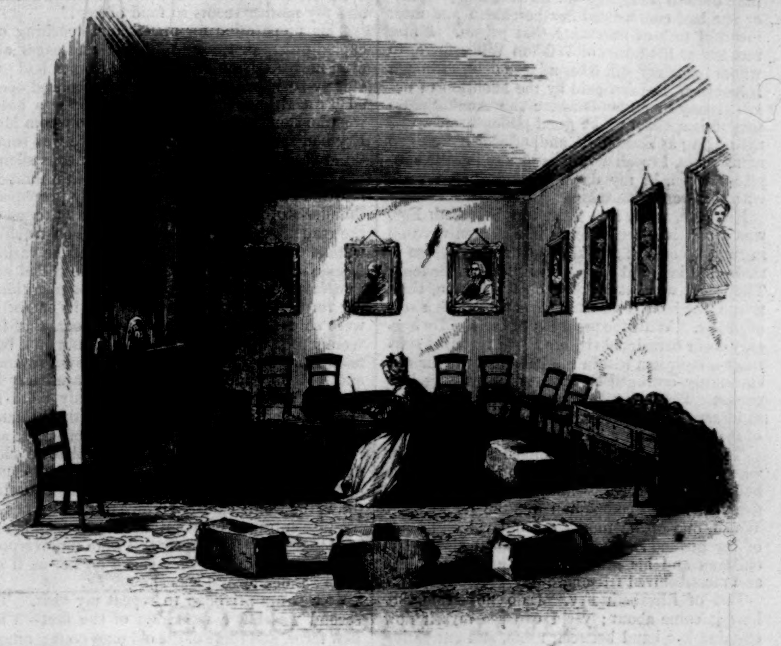
Probably it was her intimacy with the family of the Gurneys (honored be the name, for it has long been, and is, that of many good women and good men!) that led to her joining the Society of Friends. It is said, indeed, that she had an early attachment to one of them, Joseph John Gurney. He had known her when "a gay and lively girl," when she was a beautiful and young widow, and when she was sedate and aged; and perhaps, as far as we can think and see, it is to be lamented that she did not become his wife; for that they had devoted friendship each for the other there can be no doubt.

It was soon after she had become a Quaker we first knew her. As a trait of character, I may mention that about this time I had occasion to write and ask her to furnish a story for a work I was then conducting, the *Amulet*. In reply, she stated it was opposed to her principles to write a *story*, but she would send me an *anecdote*. She did so, and the distinction made no difference, for a very touching and pathetic story, called "An Anecdote," I received.[‡]

Not long afterward we made her acquaintance. She was verging upon fifty, but looked much younger. Her personal appearance then might be described by the single word "sonsie." Her full bust, upright form, and stately carriage were indicative of that rare privilege of age,

"Life to the last enjoyed."

Despite somewhat of severity in her quick blue eye, her manner and appearance were extremely prepossessing. There was a pleasant mixture of simplicity and coquetry in the folds of the pure white kerchief scrupulously arranged over a gray silk dress of the richest fabric, though plainly made and entirely without ornament. One of her Quaker friends describes her cap as "of beautiful lawn, and fastened beneath her chin with whimpers, which had small crimped frills."



AMELIA OPIE'S SITTING-ROOM AT NORWICH.

Her hair, of a singular color, between flaxen and gray, was worn in waving folds in front. It had a natural wave, but, of course, was never curled. Her carriage was erect, her step firm and rapid, her manner decided, her voice low and sweet in tone, her smile perfect sunshine. She "flirted" a fan with the ease and grace of a Spanish donna; and if her bright, inquiring, and restless eyes made one rather nervous at a first interview, the charm of her smile and the winning grace of her nature placed one at ease after a few minutes' conversation. Still, the incessant sparkling of those quick blue eyes told

"That e'en in the tranquilest climes
Light breezes might ruffle the flower sometimes."

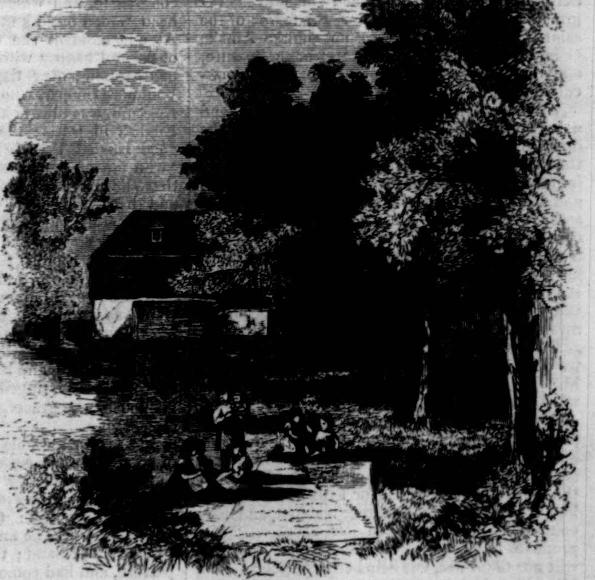
When we met in after years, the restless manner was much calmed. As the face became less beautiful it grew more soft, less commanding, but more lovable.

Miss Brightwell thus pictures her: "She was about the standard height of woman, her hair was worn in waving folds in front, and behind it was seen, through the cap, gathered into a braid. Its color was peculiar—between flaxen and gray; it was unusually fine and delicate, and had a natural bend or wave...... Her eyes were especially charming: there was in them an ardor mingled with gentleness that bespoke her true nature." She was aged when Miss Brightwell wrote this, but she pictures her also in youth—no doubt from hearsay. "Her countenance was animated, bright, and beaming; her eyes soft and expressive, yet full of ardor; her hair abundant and beautiful, of auburn hue; her figure well formed, her carriage fine, her hands, arms, and feet well shaped; and all around and about her was the spirit of youth and joy and love."

Yet, although a member of the Society of Friends, and bound by duty to be sedate, the old leaven clung to her through life—innocently and harmlessly; and there was no sin in her occasional murmurs of self-reproof—"Shall I ever cease to enjoy the pleasures of the world? I fear not."

In truth, she never did. And so her Diary oddly mingles gayeties with gravities: May meetings with brilliant evenings, labors of love and works of charity with half-idolatrous hero-worship; and if there occur records of worldly sensations, at which an elder among the Friends might shake his head and sigh, there are many such passages as these: "Went to the jail—have hopes of one woman."—"Called to see that poor wretched girl at the work-house; mean to get the Prayer-book I gave her out of pawn."

Mrs. Opie was brought up as an "ultra-liberal." Her sympathies were with the people. They were often exercised, at the close of the past and the beginning of the present century, when advocacy of freedom was a crime, and there was peril even in free interchange of thought. But though a Liberal in politics, her heart had room enough for all human kind: her bounty was large, and her charities were incessant. Among other merciful projects, in conjunction with Mrs. Fry—another of the earth's excellents—she conceived the idea of reforming the internal management of hospitals and infirmaries. In 1829 a project had been actually "set on foot—an institution for the purpose of educating a better class of persons as nurses for the poor," a project much encouraged by Southey, who considered that "nothing in the system need be adopted at variance with the feelings of a Protestant country."



THE BURIAL-PLACE OF AMELIA OPIE.

Mrs. Fry did actually establish a society of "nursing sisters," and I believe it is in existence still.

It was in reference to his belief in the peculiar fitness of Amelia Opie to carry out this work of wisdom and mercy that Southey thus wrote of her in his "Colloquies:"

> "One who has been the liveliest of the lively, the gayest of the gay; admired for her talents by those who knew her only in her writings, and esteemed for her worth by those who were acquainted with her in the relations of private life; one who, having grown up in the laxest sect of semi-Christians, felt the necessity of vital religion while attending upon her fa-

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[*] The biography she wrote of her husband she considered a failure, only because she had "not done justice to his talents or his virtues."

[†] She was perfect as a musician, according to the simple "perfecting" of those days, and sang with power and sweetness the music then in vogue—the "Sally in our Alley," the "Savourneen Deelish," the soprano songs in *Love in a Village*, in the *Beggars' Opera*, and *Artaxerxes*; and, added to this fascinating accomplishment, she had a knowledge of, and affection for, art.

[‡] "Thou knowest—or thou ought to know"—she wrote to Mrs. Hall, at the commencement of our correspondence, in the year 1827, "that since I became a Friend I am not free to what is called 'make a story,' but I will write a *fact* for thy annual, or any little matters of history, or truth, or a poem, if thou wishest, but I must not write pure fiction; I must not *lye*, and say 'so and so occurred,' or 'such and such a thing took place,' when it did not: dost thou understand me?"

ther during the long and painful infirmities of his old age, and who has now joined the lively faith for which her soul thirsted; not losing, in the change, her warmth of heart and cheerfulness of spirit, nor gaining by it any increase of sincerity and frankness; for with these Nature had endowed her, and society, even that of the great, had not corrupted them."[*]

So far back as the year 1818 Mrs. Hall was acquainted with Mrs. FRY, of whom it may be emphatically said, "her works do follow her;" and Mrs. Hall supplies me with this Memory of that estimable woman:

It was my privilege to accompany her more than once to Newgate—some years, however, after she had commenced her herculean and most merciful task of reforming that prison. I first met her at the house of William Wilberforce, to whom humanity still owes a large debt, although it has been, in part, paid by the abolition of negro slavery in all lands where the Anglo-Saxon tongue is spoken. The great philanthropist was then living at Brompton, and, after a lapse of so many years, I recall my sensations of intense happiness when, in my dawn of youth, conversing with that venerable man.

Newgate, when first visited by Elizabeth Fry, was a positive Aceldama. The women were all in rags, no care of any kind having been given to their clothing, and almost as little to their food. They slept without bedding on the floor of their prison, the boards raised in parts to furnish a sort of pillow. With the proceeds of their noisy beggary from occasional visitors they purchased spirits at a tap-room within the jail; and the ear was constantly outraged by frightfully revolting language. Though military sentinels were placed at intervals, even the governor entered their part of the prison with misgiving and reluctance.

Things had, however, changed for the better when I accompanied Mrs. Fry to Newgate. She had been at her work—and not in vain—during five years. My companion was the Rev. Robert Walsh, one of the most dear and valued friends of my girlhood—of my womanhood also. His children and his grandchildren are of my best and most-beloved friends to-day.[†]

But of Elizabeth Fry. I do not remember how it came about; yet I can see myself now clasping her hand between mine, and entreating to be taken with her once, only once; and I can recall the light and beauty that illumined her features—the gentle smile and look of kindness—as she moved back the hair from my moist eyes, and said, "Thy mother will trust thee with me and thy friend the doctor. Her heart is urged to this for good; do not check the natural impulse of thy child, friend," addressing my dear mother; "better for thy future in her to hear her pleading to visit those with whom the Lord is dealing in His mercy, than for thy sanction to visit scenes of pleasure, where there can be gathered no fruit for hereafter." I felt the words as a reproof; for only the night before I had seen the elder Kean play Macbeth. It was the first time I had been at a theatre, and the consequent excitement had kept me awake all night. Her words made me thoughtful. I remember removing the rosette from my bonnet, and putting on my gravest-colored dress, to accompany Elizabeth Fry to Newgate.

Hannah More, in speaking of this heroic "Friend," pictured her well: "I thought of her as of some grand woman out of the Old Testament—as Deborah judging Israel under the palm-tree."

When in repose, there was an almost unapproachable dignity in Mrs. Fry. Her tall figure, the lofty manner in which her head was placed on its womanly pedestal, her regal form, and the calmness of her firm yet sweet voice, without an effort on her part, commanded attention. You felt her power the moment you entered her presence; but when she read and expounded the Scripture, and, above all, when she prayed, the grandeur of the woman became the fervor of the saint. In person she was not unlike Amelia Opie, though obviously of a "stronger" nature, and, though by no means unfeminine, more masculine in form.

When I passed with her and Dr. Walsh, and a lady whose name I have forgotten, into the dreaded prison, and heard the loud gratings of the rattling keys in the locks, and the withdrawing and drawing of the bolts, and felt the gloom and damp of the walls, and heard my friends speak with bated breath, and then saw the door open, and a number of women—stained by "the *trail of the serpent*"—I should have been glad to have been any where but where I was. "Wilt thou go back, young friend?" whispered a kind voice. I looked up to her sweet face, and, laying my hand in hers, felt strengthened by her strength. A Bible was on the table, and a chair and hassock were beside it; but, before she read or prayed, Mrs. Fry went to each individually. Not one word of reproof fell from her to any, though several were loud in their complaints against one particular woman, who really looked a fiend. She took that woman apart, reasoned with her, soothed her, laid her hand on her shoulder, and the hard, stubborn, cruel (for I learned afterward how *cruel* she had been) nature relented, and tears coursed each other down her cheeks. "She promises to behave better," she said, "and thou wilt not taunt her, but help her to be good. And He will help her who bears with us all!" She had an almost miraculous gift of reading the *inner* nature of all with whom she came in contact. She seemed to show a peculiar interest in each, while each felt as if the mission was specially to her. I shall never forget the wild scream of delight of a young creature who fell at her feet, to whom she had said, "I have seen thy child." One of the women told the girl that if she was not quiet she could not remain for the prayer. I remember even now how she clenched her hands on her bosom, to still its heavings, and how she kept in her sobs, while her bright glittering eyes followed every movement of Mrs. Fry, when she added, "Thy child is well, and has cut two teeth, and thy mother seems so fond of her!"

This preparation for prayer and teaching occupied fifteen or twenty minutes; and eager and even noisy as some of those poor women had previously been, when Mrs. Fry sat down and opened THE BIBLE, the only sound that was heard was the suppressed sobs of the girl to whom Mrs. Fry had spoken of her child. There was something very appalling in the instantaneous silence of these dangerous women, subdued in a moment into the stillness which so frequently precedes a thunder-storm. The calm and silvery tones of the reader's earnest voice fell like oil on troubled waters. Gradually the expressions of the various faces changed into what may well be called *reverential* attention. Her prayer I remember thinking very short, but comprehensive; its entreaties were so earnest, so anxious, so fervent, that few were there whose moistened eyes did not bear testimony to its influence. She seemed to know and feel every individual case, to share every individual sorrow, and to have a ready balm for every separate wound. I can see the radiance of her face through the long lapse of years, and recall the "winningness" of her voice, so clear and penetrating, yet so tender. When she paused—remaining silent a while—and then rose to withdraw, the women did not crowd toward her, as on her first entrance, but continued hushed, and gathered together; indeed, several were too overpowered for words; but they gazed on her as if she were an angel—and was she not?

It was my privilege to repeat my visit. The second was but a repetition of the first—a few new faces, and some of the old ones gone; among them the girl whose child Mrs. Fry had taken under her own care. The mother had been sent over seas for a crime that would now be atoned for by a few weeks' incarceration.

Amidst the admirably performed duties of domestic life, followed, as years advanced, by trials that the world calls "bitter," that holy woman never wavered from her holy mission; removing with marvelous patience the chains, of mind as well as of body, that weighed so heavily upon the human race, and teaching the liberty that only the Christian appreciates, values, or enjoys.

Our most interesting intercourse with Amelia Opie occurred in Paris, in February, 1831, not long after the so-called "three glorious days." We had met and chatted with her at the receptions of the Baron Cuvier, where, among the philosophers, she was staid and stately.

And the Baron Cuvier is a rare Memory. His thick and somewhat stubbed form; his massive head, containing the largest quantity of brain ever allotted to a single human being; his broad and high forehead; his features, far more German than French; his manner, sedate almost to severity: such is the picture I recall of the marvelous man, the parent of many great men who have opened to us the portals of New Worlds.[*]

This is Mrs. Hall's Memory of Amelia Opie at the Baron Cuvier's: "In Paris, Mrs. Opie was one of the lights of the liberal and intellectual, as well as of the legitimate and aristocratic, *soirées*. One evening we met her in the circle at the Baron Cuvier's, where the Bourbonists were certain to congregate, and where the Baron's magnificent head 'stood out' like the head of imperial Jove. At one moment she was discussing some point of natural history with the great naturalist; the next, talking over the affairs of America with Fenimore Cooper, who, however much he disliked England, was always kindly and courteous to the English in Paris; the next, explaining in very good English-French to some sentimental girl, 'who craved her blessing, and called her *mère*,' that she never was and never would be a nun; and that she belonged to no such laborious, useful, or self-denying order as the Sœurs de Charité; and at the close of the evening, when, in compliment to the English present, a table was covered with a white cloth, and tea was made and kindly poured out by Madame Cuvier's daughter, Mrs. Opie was certainly one of the pillars of the tea-table, laughing and listening (she never could have been so universally popular had she not been a good listener), and being to perfection the elderly English lady, tinged with the softest *blue*, and vivified by the graceful influence of Parisian society."

But one memorable evening we had the honor of passing in the *salons* of General Lafayette—the venerable soldier whose singular career of glory was then drawing to a close. The occasion was eventful: there were present many young Poles. The fatal struggle was then commencing in Poland; they were on the eve of departure, and had come to bid the aged hero adieu and receive his blessing. It was touching in the extreme to see the old man kissing the cheek of each young soldier as he advanced, place a hand upon his head, and give the blessing that was asked for.

This is Mrs. Hall's recollection of the evening at Lafayette's: "The gathering at Lafayette's is never to be forgotten. The General was a most remarkable and most deeply interesting man; he was at that time (in 1831) worn down, with much of his fire quenched, resembling rather a patriarch than a soldier; yet he had a short time previously given a crown to Louis Philippe. The rooms were crowded, and in the crowd was Fenimore Cooper, more at home with the republicans, warmer and more genial, than he had been at Cuvier's on the previous evening, where the society was courtly and constrained. All the remarkable men of that party were there, and all seemed agitated about something going forward, which at first was incomprehensible to us. Lafayette stood in an inner room, conversing with a staff of old friends, who appeared privileged to crowd around him; but every five or six minutes the circle opened, a youth in a foreign uniform approached, the old man pressed his hands, looked earnestly and affectionately in his face, addressed to him a few words in a low tone, and then the youth bent and kissed his hand; some even knelt and craved his blessing, and he dismissed them with a sentence, 'Ah, le bon Dieu vous bénit, mon fils!' or, 'Allez à la gloire!' or, 'Vive la patrie!' One, a fine handsome fellow, more than six feet high, the General embraced and kissed; tears rushed to his eyes, and twice when the young man knelt he raised him and pressed him to his heart. Mrs. Opie wept, as indeed many did, who hardly comprehended the cause either of the reception or the parting, but we soon learned that the youth was the son of a distinguished Polish officer, who had fallen in defending his country, and that he was going to Poland with his countrymen to renew the struggle—that all those who so craved the blessing of Lafayette were Poles, all resolved to conquer or die, all destined to leave Paris at the dawn of the following day; and they did so; and in six weeks all those young hearts had ceased to beat—

> 'Their last fight fought—.
> Their deeds of glory done.'

Indeed, the meeting was a singularly solemn one for Paris; even when the little ceremony was concluded, there was so much serious matter connected with Poland to think of and talk about, so much anxiety as to the result of the struggle, the young *braves* excited so much interest, and Lafayette appeared so overpowered, that we withdrew earlier than usual, leaving Mrs. Opie walking through the rooms in earnest and animated conversation.

"Suddenly we were somewhat startled by a buzz and an audible whisper; we could only make out the words *Sœur de Charité*, and walking with formal state up the room, we saw Amelia Opie, leaning on the arm of a somewhat celebrated Irishman (O'Gorman Mahon), six feet high, and large in proportion, with peculiarities of dress that enhanced the contrast between him and his companion. She was habited as usual in her plain gray silk, and Quaker cap 'fastened beneath her chin with whimpers, which had small crimped frills.' No wonder such a vision of simplicity and purity should have startled gay Parisian dames, few or none of whom had the least idea of the nature of the costume; but the good old General selected her from a host of worshipers, and seemed jealous lest a rival should steal the fascinating Quaker from his side."

To Lafayette and his family Mrs. Opie was greatly attached. She described him as "a delightful, lovable man," "a handsome, blooming man of seventy," "humble, simple, and blushing at his own praises;" and in allusion to her appearance at one of his "receptions," she writes: "I sighed when I looked at my simple Quaker dress, considered whether I had any business there, and slunk into a corner." But that was when the General "received" in state at the État-Major of the Garde National, and not when she was "at home" with him and his family at "The Grange."

It was at that time she sat to the sculptor David for the medal I have engraved. David was a small, undignified man, much pock-marked. He was to the last a fierce republican; as fierce, though not as ruthless, as his relative and namesake, the painter. I saw much of him during several after-visits to Paris.

Mrs. Opie occupied an *entresol* in the Hôtel de la Paix, and a servant, with something of the appearance of a sobered-down soldier in dress and deportment, waited in the anteroom of the Quaker dame to announce her visitors. Singularly enough, Mrs. Opie was never more at home than in Paris, where her dress in the streets, as well as at the various *réunions*, attracted much attention and curiosity, the Parisians believing she belonged to some religious order akin to the Sisters of Charity.

The last time Mrs. Opie visited London was to see the Great Exhibition in 1851. There she was wheeled about in a garden-chair. She retained much of her original freshness of form and mind, and was cheerful and "chatty." In the brief conversation I had with her, surrounded as she was by friends who loved and strangers who venerated her, she recalled our pleasant intercourse in Paris, murmuring more than once, "How many of them have gone before!"

In the autumn of that year I chanced to be in Norwich, and there my last visit to her was paid at her residence in the Castle Meadow. The house exists no longer, but a picture of it has been preserved by her friend, Lucy Brightwell, and I have engraved it. Plain house though it was, and fitly so, its memory is hallowed.

The room was hung with portraits, principally of her own drawing;[*] flowers she was never without. She was delighted with its cheerful outlook, and described it as a "pleasant cradle for reposing age." From her windows she saw "noble trees, the castle turrets," and "the woods and rising grounds of Thorpe." She was thankful that "the lines had fallen to her in pleasant places." There, venerated and loved, she dwelt from 1848 to her death.

She was at that time very lame, yet the courtesy of her nature was manifested in an effort to rise and give me a cordial welcome, and we passed an hour chatting pleasantly and cheerfully of gone-by people and times.

Her society was eagerly sought for by the most enlightened persons of the age: to name her friends would be but to catalogue the most remarkable of those who are interwoven with the history of our times. She was earnestly and sincerely philanthropic; her name was not frequently seen in the list of subscribers to public charities; but when a tale of want or sorrow was told to Mrs. Opie, tears rapidly twinkled in her blue eyes, and gradually those pretty hands, which were demurely folded Quaker fashion, would unclasp, and presently the right one found its way through the ample folds of her dress to her purse, from which she gave with frank liberality.

She described her dwelling in a letter written to Mrs. Hall, dated 8th Month, 4, 1851:

"I am glad Mr. Hall liked my residence. I had *long wished* for it. The view is a constant delight to me. My rooms are rather too small, but my sitting-rooms and chamber being *en suite*, they suit a lame body as I now am; and below I have three parlors, two kitchens, and a pretty little garden—for a town. I have a second-floor, and an attic which commands Norwich and the adjacent country; but this is thrown away on me. I have seen it, and that is enough. The noble trees, flowering shrubs, and fine acacias round the castle keep, into which I am daily looking, have to me an unfailing charm. The road runs under my window; and I have seen many groups of *le tiers état* hastening along, evidently to the Monday cheap train to London. It is a pleasant sight. The wind is rather high, and the trees I have told thee of are waving and bending their light branches so gracefully and invitingly before me that I could almost fancy they were bowing to me, and get up to return the compliment, however *gauchely*. After this extraordinary flight of fancy, it is necessary that I should pause a while to recover it; so farewell! Thy loving friend,
"AMELIA OPIE."

It was obvious, however, that the time of her removal was drawing on. The death of her dear friend, Joseph John Gurney, one of "the excellent of the earth," in 1847—of Dr. Chalmers soon afterward—and of other beloved friends and relatives, affected her much, though she bore her losses resignedly, if not cheerfully, bowing in submission to the Divine Will, remembering her favorite text, "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"

Age and infirmities had been creeping on; the comforting influence of the good Bishop Stanley was continually with her; numerous friends thronged around her; she still manifested interest in all they said and did. But in 1849 Bishop Stanley died. She loved that good man very dearly, and his death was accepted as a warning that her own was near at hand. Writing to Mrs. Hall in 1851, she says—speaking of the good man's grave—"It is covered by a large black marble slab, with a deep border round of variegated marble, the colors black and gray. He lies in the middle of the great aisle of the cathedral, and when the painted-glass window, as a memorial to his memory, is finished, and placed over the great western gates of entrance, it is thought that the rays of the setting sun, on which he loved to gaze, will shine upon the stone that covers his 'dear remains.'"[*]

She suffered much, yet was cheerful, buoyant, and happy to the last; and at midnight on the 2d of December, 1853, she breathed her last, murmuring, "All is peace!—all is mercy!" And so she joined the good and holy spirits—her friends in life and after life—who had been waiting to give her welcome.

The good works she did on earth she considered and has characterized thus: "They are good only as the evidence of faith."

She died in the full possession of those clear and admirable faculties which rendered her one of the most remarkable women of her time, and it is no small evidence of her qualities—of the heart as well as of the head—to say that all the young who knew her regretted her as they would a chosen friend or companion. When she passed away from earth Norwich lost one of its attractions, for many made pilgrimage (especially from the New World) to the shrine of this brilliant but true-hearted woman, whose enthusiasm overthrew time, and outlived the decay of life itself.

Mrs. Opie's nature was most essentially feminine. It was feminine in its gifts—in its graces—in its strength—in its weakness—in its generosity. She was without a particle of jealousy, and her color rose and her eyes sparkled while she bestowed warm and earnest, if not always critically judicious, praise on what she admired. She would have made a *heroine*, and died in a cause she believed right and righteous, but she never could have been guilty of the vulgarity of modern "Bloomerism;" she honored her sex and its peculiar virtues too much to wish it unsexed. The sensitive delicacy of her mind was evident, not only in her writings, but in her words and deportment, and it was impossible for the young to have a better guide or a more excellent example. Her manners would have graced a court, and not encumbered a cottage. Her lessons continue to be of value; they were not written merely for a time or for a passing purpose.

She was interred in the Friends' burying-ground at the Gildenscroft, in the same grave with her father, and in association with so many of her beloved friends. At the extreme left side of the ground, beneath an elm-tree that overshadows the wall, is a small slab bearing the names of James Alderson and Amelia Opie, with the dates of their births and deaths.

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[*] In another of his letters Southey says of Amelia Opie: "I like her in spite of her Quakerism, nay, perhaps the better for it; for it must be always remembered in what sect she was bred up, among what persons she had lived, and that religion was never presented to her in a serious form until she saw it in drab."

[†] Dr. Walsh was, during many years, chaplain to the embassies at Constantinople and at Rio, and his works on Turkey and Brazil retained places in all libraries. He died Rector of Finglas, near Dublin, honored and beloved: of him I shall have more to say before I close these "Memories," and something of his son, the late Right Hon. John Edward Walsh, Master of the Rolls, our very dear friend, who died in Paris in 1869.

[*] These lines, descriptive of Cuvier, were written by Mrs. Opie, after his death:

"'Twas sweet that voice of melody to hear,
Distinct, sonorous, stealing on the ear;
And watch, to mark some sudden gesture throw
The hair aside, that veiled that wondrous brow—
That brow, the throne of genius and of thought,
And mind, which all the depths of science sought."

[*] "It was her custom at a very early period to take profile likenesses, in pencil, of those who visited her: several hundreds of these sketches were preserved in books and folios."

[*] Another of her friends was Archdeacon Wrangham. I knew him well: he was a tall, slight man, of exceedingly gentle and attractive manners, with the ease and grace and persuasive eloquence of a Christian gentleman. He had a proneness to translate favorite poems into Latin verse, and usually had a copy or two in his pocket to present as a memorial, where he had reason to think the gift would be acceptable.

Dear Amelia Opie! her nature was essentially feminine in its gifts, its graces, its goodness, its weakness, and its vanities; truthful, generous, and considerate ever. Pure of heart, and upright in walk and conversation, her memory is without a blot; her precepts are those of Virtue; and her example was their illustration and their comment.

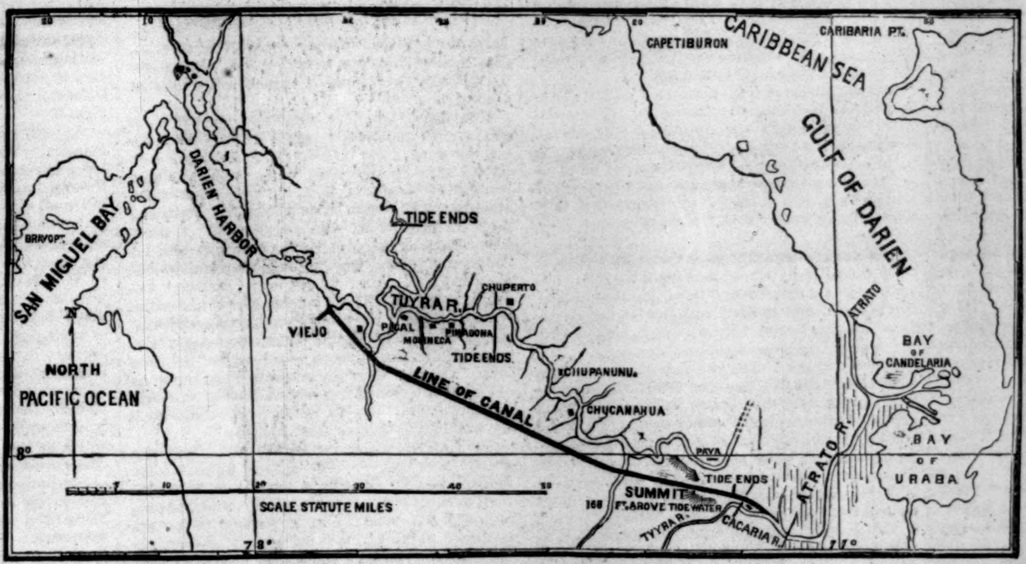
"Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN.

Nearly three hundred and sixty years ago the Spanish adventurer, **Vasco Nuñez Balboa**, climbed upon a peak in Darien, and "stared with eagle" eyes upon the grand expanse of the Pacific Ocean; and then, in full armor, ran down the mountain-side and took possession of the coast in the name of the King of Spain. He and his little band of followers were the first Europeans who crossed the narrow mountain range through which ever since, at intervals of time, commerce has sought to discover or construct a navigable passage. For many years early explorers hoped to find a natural channel of water communication; and when this dream was abandoned the scheme of an interoceanic canal was started.

The earliest project, we believe, was that of **Cortéz**, who, soon after his conquest of Mexico, conveyed arms and materials, for ships which he was building on the Pacific shore, across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, and thereupon wrote a series of letters to the Emperor **Charles V.**, urging the construction of a "Roman road" and ship-canal at that point, in connection with the Coatzacoalcos River. This ancient enterprise was revived by the Spanish government early in the present century, only to be thwarted by the Mexican revolution.

Since **Cortéz** proposed his plan no less than twenty-six projects for canals have appeared, each of which was found, upon investigation, to be impracticable. But still there lingered in men's minds the impression that somewhere between the two American continents a pass would in time be discovered through which a canal could be constructed. The successful opening of the Suez Canal gave the scheme a fresh impetus, and early last year an expedition, under Commander **Selfridge**, undertook a new exploration of a route which seemed to promise better results than any other. It is reported that his efforts have been rewarded with success, and that the dreams of the early adventurers are about to become a grand reality. Commander **Selfridge** is about returning to this country, and his report will soon be spread before the public.



THE PROPOSED SHIP-CANAL ROUTE *VIA* THE ATRATO AND TUYRA RIVERS.

VARIOUS ROUTES EXPLORED.

Meantime it may be of interest to refer to some other of the many projects by which it has been proposed to abolish the Isthmus—that narrow but stubborn barrier that stood between Europe and the Indies. The chief routes to which public attention has been drawn are: 1. Tehuantepec; 2. Honduras; 3. Nicaragua; 4. Panama; 5. The Atrato; 6. The Atrato and San Miguel. With the aid of a good map the reader can very easily follow the routes described.

1. *Tehuantepec.*—This is the route recommended by **Cortéz**. It commences on the bay of Vera Cruz, in longitude 21° west from Washington, and crossing the dividing ranges of the water-sheds of the continent, extends to the Puebla of Tehuantepec, on the Pacific. The distance is 186 miles, and the summit level is 855 feet above the sea.

2. *Honduras.*—It lies eastward of the Balize, and runs in nearly a southerly direction across the Isthmus from Puerto Cabella to Fonseca. The length is 160 miles, and the summit level is 2681 feet above the sea. Notwithstanding the rivers Humuya and Goascoran interlock, and their head waters pass one another, still the supply of water is insufficient, and the height of the summit would require at least 160 locks.

3. *Nicaragua.*—This route, through Lakes Nicaragua and Managua, presents many advantages; but at least 34 locks would be required, and it has no good harbor on the Pacific side.

4. *Panama.*—The railroad over this route has superseded the trail of the natives and the rude pavement of Pizarro. The obstacles to a canal appear to be insuperable. It would have to be 42 miles in length, and in order to obtain a supply of water for the locks a cut of nearly 260 feet deep would be necessary, or a tunnel 3½ miles long. Thirty-six locks would be required, fed by a trench 61 miles long and 165 feet deep.

5. *The Atrato Route.*—This route lies in the Republic of New Granada, in the province of Choco, and may be found between the seventh and eighth degrees of north latitude, and the seventy-seventh and seventy-eighth degrees of west longitude from Greenwich. It begins on the Atlantic side at a good harbor at the mouths of the Atrato River, in the bay of Candelaria, ascends the Atrato River to the Truando, one of its affluents, and thence to the base of the Cordilleras, and by a cut to the Pacific.

6. *The Atrato and San Miguel Route.*—Of this route, the one surveyed by Commander **Selfridge**, we give an outline map. It is claimed to be more practicable than the one last mentioned.

PRETENDED EXPEDITIONS.

In 1849 an Irish adventurer, Dr. **Cullen**, published a book, in which he declared that he had crossed and recrossed the Isthmus several times between Caledonia Bay and San Miguel, and that only three or four miles of deep cutting would be necessary for a ship-canal the entire distance. In a subsequent edition Dr. **Cullen** stated that up to the time of his first expedition to Darien, in 1849, he was not aware of the existence of the River Savana, which he entered near the Boca Chica. He says: "Finding the water near the mouth so deep, I felt convinced that I had found the object of my search—namely, a practicable route to the Atlantic. I went up the river, passed from the Cannases to Port Escoces, returned, and in 1850 and 1851 I passed several times and by different ways from the Savana to Port Escoces and the Bay of Caledonia, notching the trees with my 'macheta,' always alone, without help, and always in the rainy season. I do not hesitate to say that here is the future route for an interoceanic communication."

Aroused by these flattering reports, which turned out to be mere fiction, a number of English capitalists sent out Mr. **Gisborne**, a civil engineer, to survey the route. He pretended to do so, and published a book, with maps of the route, in which he declared that it was only "thirty miles between tidal effects," and that the summit level was only 150 feet above the sea. It was subsequently discovered that Mr. **Gisborne** never crossed the Isthmus, and never, in fact, advanced more than a dozen miles from the coast into the interior. The summit level, so far from being only 150 feet, was found to be nearly 1000 feet in height.

LIEUTENANT STRAIN'S EXPEDITION.

In 1854 an exploring party, under command of Lieutenant **Strain**, was sent out from the United States to survey this route, the untrustworthiness of Dr. **Cullen**'s book not having been ascertained at that time. Disembarking in Caledonia Bay, with a detachment of sailors, and guided by Indians, Lieutenant **Strain** searched for days for the passage across the mountains. Relying on the statements of Dr. **Cullen**, he had taken only ten days' provisions. These were soon exhausted. Deserted by his guides, he lost his way in the forest, and, after dividing his party, finally came upon a large river, which he took for the Savana, but which in reality was the Amquanaque. By this time his party was in a most forlorn condition. They had nothing to eat but roots. There was no game in the forest but birds of carrion. For a long time they could not bring themselves to eat these loathsome creatures; but starvation at last drove them to it. No settlements were met with for many days. Some of the men, straying off in search of food, were lost in the woods, where they must have perished miserably of hunger and thirst. The commander, with a few survivors, at length arrived at the Gulf of San Miguel in a deplorable condition. A very interesting account of their adventures and sufferings appeared in *Harper's Magazine* for March, April, and May, 1855. This expedition, although the leader and all the men under his command exhibited a heroic fortitude, terminated without important results.

MR. KELLEY'S EXPEDITIONS.

This gentleman made two explorations across Darien—one in 1852 and the second in 1854—the results of which were communicated in a pamphlet, entitled "The Union of the Oceans by Ship-Canal without Locks," published in 1859 by **Harper & Brothers**. Mr. **Kelley** claims that by way of the Atrato and Truando rivers a safe and practicable route could be secured, without the use of locks, by means of engineering expedients of less magnitude than many works which have been undertaken in Europe. The route commences at the mouth of the Atrato, where at low tide there is about four feet of water at the deepest point on the bar. The water gradually deepens as the river is ascended, and at about two miles is 30 feet deep. From here to the junction of the Truando the Atrato is nowhere less in depth than 47 feet, and most of the way it is much deeper. It varies in width from a quarter of a mile to two miles. It would thus afford, when the bar at its mouth shall be removed, the most ample facilities for navigation by the largest class of steam sea-going vessels and sailing ships. The Truando forms an angle with the general direction of the valley of the Atrato of about seventy degrees. Its confluence is about 63 miles from the Atlantic by the meanderings of the Atrato. The Truando is here taken as the line of the proposed channel, and followed for 36 miles. At its confluence with the Atrato there is a small bar, and the water is only 18 feet deep. A few yards up, however, it deepens to 30 feet, and maintains this depth for a mile and a half or more. Above this for 38 miles it has an average depth of about 14 feet, and is 10 feet deep at the shallowest point. At 36 miles from its confluence with the Atrato the line diverges into the valley of the Nerqua, which is followed on solid ground. This part of the line, and all the remaining distance to the Pacific—26 miles—would be through solid rock cutting. The line from the valley of the Nerqua to the Pacific passes over a summit 506 feet above mean tide in the oceans, which summit is about 3¼ miles through at its base. This would require a tunnel 3¼ miles long and 120 by 100 feet. From here to the Pacific it follows the valley of a small stream, and debouches at the coast at Kelley's Inlet.

The length of this route would be about 125 miles from ocean to ocean; but nearly two-thirds of the distance is by nature ready for the passage of vessels of the largest class.

GOGORZA'S EXPEDITION.

In 1867 Mr. **Anthoine de Gogorza**, after studying industriously the old Spanish maps of the Isthmus, especially a survey executed in 1781 by the governor, Colonel D. **Andres de Ariza**, who indicates a short passage between the Panusa, one of the tributaries of the Tuyra, and the Cacarica, tributary of the Atrato, resolved to study the question on the ground. The general results of his survey may be summed up as follows: 1. Excellent ports on both termini—that of Candelaria or the Gulf of Uraba on the Atlantic, and the inner and outer bays of San Carlos (San Miguel) on the Pacific, whose entry remains free at all times. 2. A stretch of about 52 miles of artificial canal through alluvial soil, without obstacle of intervening mountains, from the deep waters of the Atrato to those of the Tuyra. 3. An extreme elevation of 186 feet above tide-water, and composed of slate and sandstone. 4. A superabundance of water even above the extremest elevation. 5. All this not in a pass or a depression of the chain of mountains, but in a spot of complete separation between the Cordilleras in the north and the Andes in the south. 6. The best and friendliest intercourse with the Indians, wrongly called savages. The route of a ship-canal built along this line would run as follows: Leaving the Atrato at about 7° 52′ north latitude, through or near the mouth of the Cacarica, and following a west-northwesterly direction to the highest point, at a distance of about 12 miles; continuing in a straight line, west 20° north, to the nearest navigable point of the Tuyra below the Isleta, at a distance of about 40 miles, of which 16 are below tide-water, 40 miles; total length of the canal, 52 miles. The map on this page will enable the reader to form a clear conception of this route. It was traversed about a year ago by General H. **Heine**, who found the surveys of **De Gogorza** substantially correct.

THE SELFRIDGE EXPEDITION.

We now come to the expedition under Commander **Selfridge**, which has passed over nearly the same route as the one last mentioned. **Selfridge** left New York December 3, 1870, in the United States store-ship *Guard*. The first point of interest was Carthagena, about 200 miles from the mouth of the Atrato. At this fine old Spanish-American city, of which we give several views on page 517, native laborers were obtained to accompany the expedition. After a brief but pleasant visit Commander **Selfridge** sailed for the Atrato, and in two days later cast anchor off one of the mouths of that river, of which there are eleven. Active operations were at once commenced, and pushed forward with all the celerity of which the nature of the country admitted. Few details of the exploration have as yet come to hand, but from the telegraphic reports it appears to be certain that Commander **Selfridge** has discovered and surveyed a practicable route for the interoceanic ship-canal which has been the dream of so many years. He ascended the Atrato River to a point about 40 miles from its mouth; then followed up the Cacarica River until he reached the dividing ridge. Thence he proceeded to the Paya River, which empties into the Tuyra, which in turn empties into the Gulf of San Miguel. It is reported that the height of the dividing ridge does not exceed 300 feet, and that, on more careful survey, it will probably be found to be much less.

Commander **Selfridge** has also surveyed a route from Cupica Bay, on the Pacific side, *via* the Nappi River, to the Atrato. The distance along the bends of the Nappi from that bay to the Atrato is 69½ miles. The Nappi flows through a mountainous country for about 13 miles from the foot of the divide, and is supplied from the Doguado River as a tributary. It is proposed to make 13 locks from the Doguado, 18 miles from the Atrato, to the divide, then to tunnel through, and descend to the Pacific by nine locks. It is thought that by one of these two routes a ship-canal will certainly be constructed.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Our illustrations, on pages 516 and 517, represent some of the most striking points of interest near the scene and along the line of Commander **Selfridge**'s survey. The full-page sketch gives a graphic idea of the difficulties and hardships to be encountered in making surveys through the tropical forests of the Isthmus, where every step of the route has to be hewn through a dense and tangled growth, where poisonous reptiles and insects lurk in every thicket, and fever-breeding morasses load the very air with death.

The view from the anchorage is thus described by a member of the expedition: "The long, low sand-bank in the distance is christened 'Observatory Island.' Here we have erected a hydrographic signal, an observatory, wherein is placed a transit instrument, a house for the tide-gauge party, and several chicken corrals. We have also laid out a vegetable garden on the island."

Muertas Island, nearer the ships, contains a house for the macheta men and shops for the carpenter and blacksmith. At this point a wharf, about 100 feet in length, has been constructed to facilitate the landing of boats. The mountains shown in the sketch are visible only in clear weather.

The Cathedral of Carthagena is a fine old building, erected about 1650. It is a very characteristic specimen of the ecclesiastical architecture of South America. Like all the other public buildings in Carthagena, it is in a state of semi-ruin. The interior decorations of the altars and choir, which were once grand and magnificent, have now a crumbling, mouldy, and decayed appearance.

The principal street in Carthagena is the Calle de Lozano. The houses are all old, and the street, as may be seen, is narrow and unpaved. There are about 9000 inhabitants, according to the last census. The streets are seldom graced by the appearance of the ladies of the city, but are chiefly perambulated by the negroes, who go lazily about in scanty attire. There is very little business done here now, but the city was once the most flourishing of the earlier cities in South America.

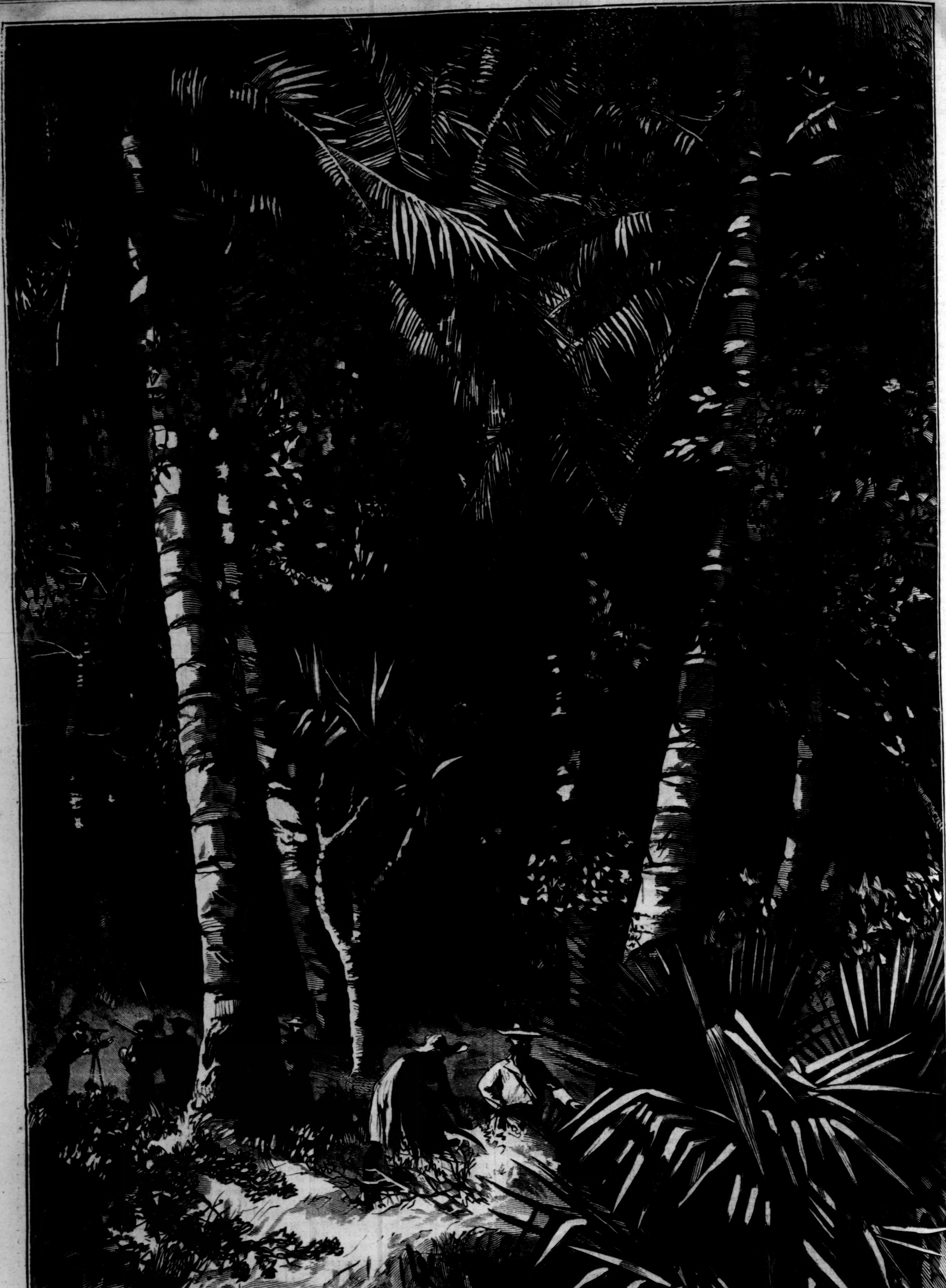
Our view of a picturesque gate-way gives a scene in the market-place just outside of the wall which surrounds the city of Carthagena. In the background is seen the entrance to the city through the "poc punto." In the foreground is seen the overladen ass, a characteristic feature of the place. The entrance to the city is built of a kind of concrete stone, and is, as can be plainly seen, greatly overgrown with shrubs, etc.

The entrance to the city, from the Plaza de la Independencia, is over the moat, by means of the "poc punto," or small bridge.

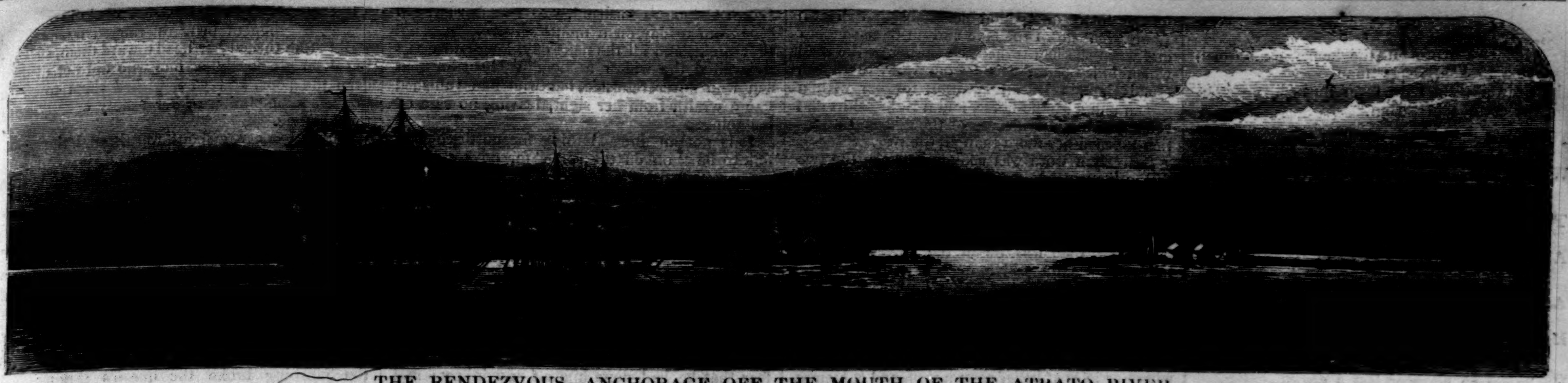
The village of Turbo, or Persisi, as it was formerly called, is located on the east shore of the Gulf of Darien. It is the only settlement in the gulf, and was built about thirty years ago as a dépôt for the reception and shipment of caoutchouc, which is collected along the valley of the Atrato in the months of February and March, and carried in canoes to Turbo, thence to Carthagena, from which place it is shipped to different parts of the world. This is the only business of the people of Turbo, and occupies their time for a very small period of the year, so that for the remaining portion of the year they have nothing to do, and seem to take considerable delight in doing it. There are about 300 people living in Turbo, a dozen or so of whom are whites.

A very good idea of Turbo is given by our sketch of a street in that village. The houses are built on piles to raise them from the dampness of the ground, caused by the almost perpetual rains they experience. By raising the houses they also secure themselves to a certain extent from the insects and reptiles that infest every locality in this region. The figure on the left gives an idea of the prevailing fashion.

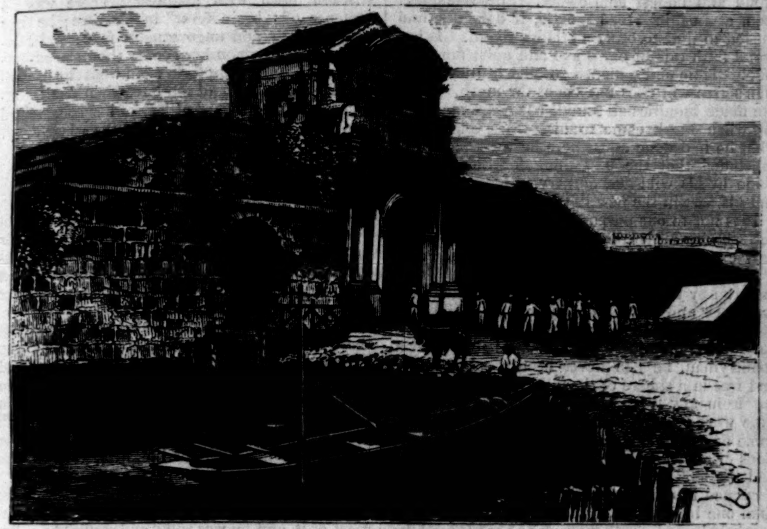
The sailor's grave near Turbo is that of **James Green**, seaman, who died on board the *Guard* Thursday, 29th December, 1870, and was buried in Turbo with appropriate services and honors. The background gives a good idea of the density of the forests.



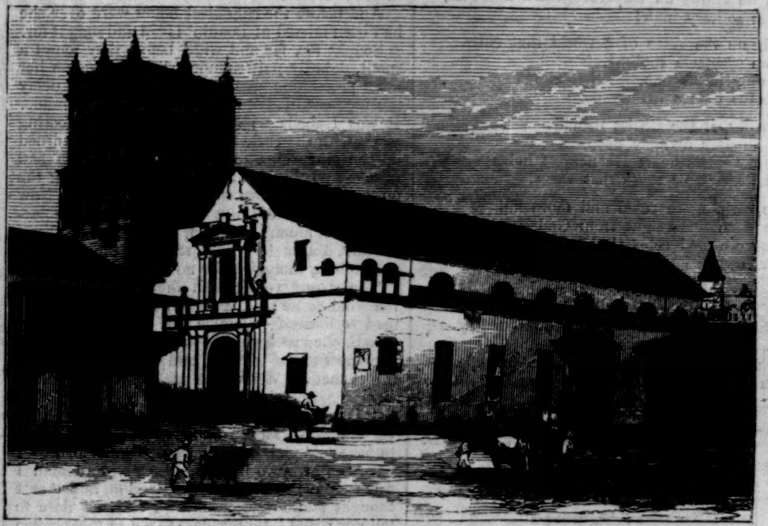
THE DARIEN EXPEDITION—CUTTING THROUGH THE FOREST.—DRAWN BY CHARLES PARSONS.—[SEE PAGE 515.]



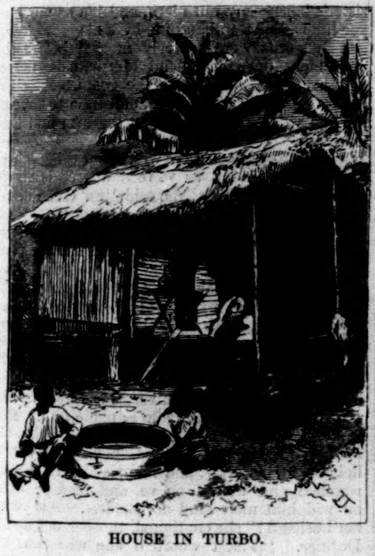
THE RENDEZVOUS—ANCHORAGE OFF THE MOUTH OF THE ATRATO RIVER.



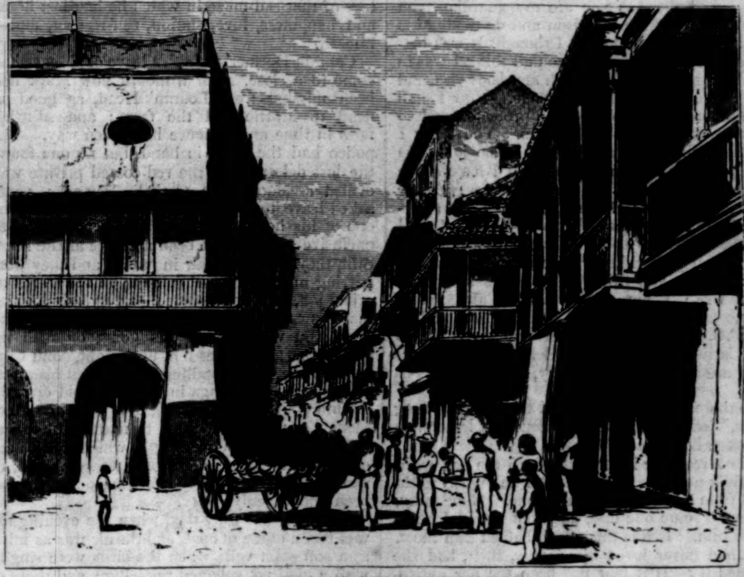
ENTRANCE TO CARTHAGENA—PICTURESQUE GATE-WAY.



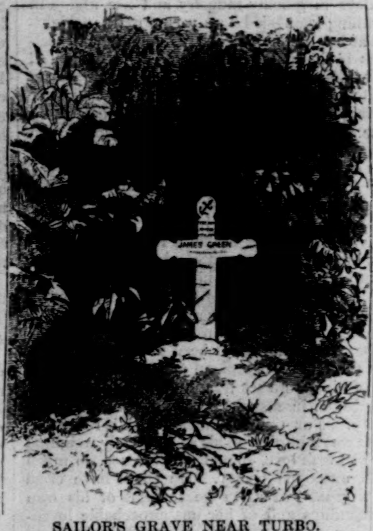
THE CATHEDRAL, CARTHAGENA.



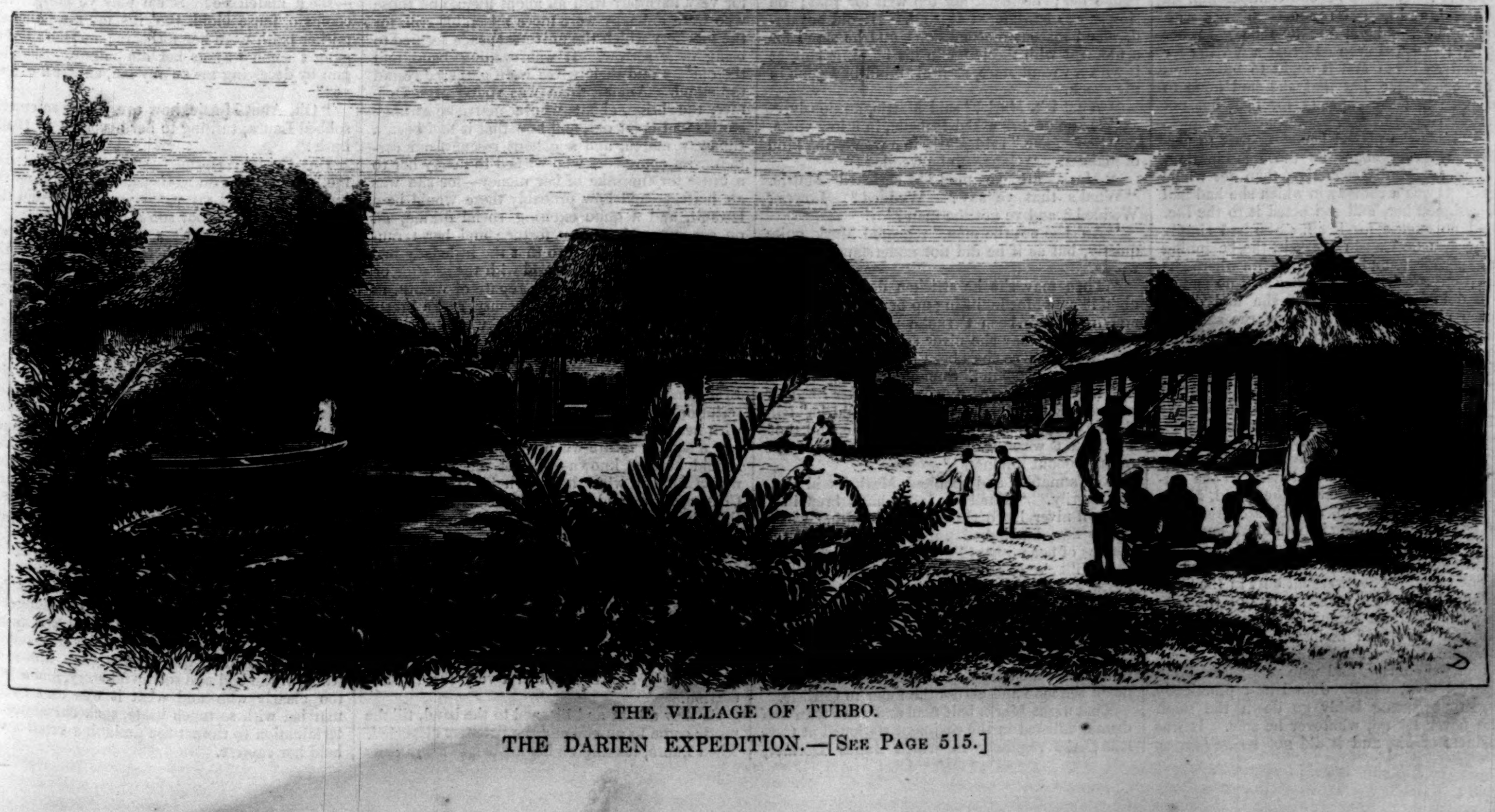
HOUSE IN TURBO.



PRINCIPAL STREET, CARTHAGENA.



SAILOR'S GRAVE NEAR TURBO.



THE VILLAGE OF TURBO.

THE DARIEN EXPEDITION.—[See Page 515.]

SEDAN.

THE looms are broken, the looms are hushed,
And a broken, weary man
Sits near a child with fever flushed,
In a cottage of Sedan.

The mother starved with him, the weaver,
To feed their little child,
Who lies now low with famine fever,
That slew the mother mild.

The room is desolate; the store
Has dwindled very low:
All a poor housewife's pride of yore
Was plundered of the foe.

And a father cowers over gray
Wood-ashes barely warm;
He feels the child is going away
In the pitiless pale storm.

He knows an emperor lost a crown
Here in his own Sedan,
And he knows an emperor gained a crown,
The solitary man!

He hears the voice of a world that sings
The spectacle sublime,
Yet only heeds one life that clings
To his own a little time.

I wonder, if the Christ beholds
With eyes divinely deep,
Whom to His heart He nearest holds—
The kings, or these that weep!

Who seem more royal and more tall,
In calm, pure light from God—
These crowned colossal things that crawl,
Or lowly souls they trod?—

These purple laureled kings we hail
With banner and battle blare,
Or him who writhes beneath their trail,
A pauper in despair—
Conquered and conquerors of Sedan,
Or a dying child and a starving man?

TODHUNTERS' AT LOANIN' HEAD.

By ELIZA LYNN LINTON.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER V.

THE CUP AND THE LIP.

IF Phœbe Greystoke was miserable, and spent her days in gloomy industry and her nights in unavailing tears—if Laura was more than frightened at her quite unnecessary duplicity, and feeling as if she had been actuated by a demon all this while—a demon who had led her on from folly to sin, till now she was bewildered at her own iniquity—if Aunt Mattie was "dubersome," as she called it, about the whole affair, and by no means in her heart pleased for Mark nor satisfied at his choice, though she made the best of every thing to others—if Isabella was more skittish than ever, and sure she should niver get used to Miss Lowra as Mark's wife; and, loavin days! whativer made Mark siccan a fuil ower her!—Mark himself was in a state only to be described as "in heaven." For all his life after he remembered that happy time as something almost too delicious for his poor humanity to bear.

He had a fund of natural poetry in him, poor lad, but it had never yet been stirred; and now when the crust was broken, and the secret treasures of his nature set free, he found his new experience too intense for perfect happiness. The sense of his own unworthiness which it roused up in him was a burden on his soul, already weighted with so much love, so much reverence, so much dumb, unspoken poetry. He could have cried like a great girl when he thought of his own shortcomings and of her unapproachable loveliness, her sweetness, her condescension. How he loved her! He spoke broad Cumberland, he wore fustian, and he did rough farm-work with his own hands, and yet the love he gave her might have satisfied even as great a craving for admiration as hers; and it ought to have troubled her conscience, but that she had none to touch. She had the capacity for fear, but not for conscience.

In externals she played her sorry part to perfection. Nothing could be more fascinating, nothing more daintily seductive, than her whole conduct. It was a comedy in which she had had a *rôle* assigned her, and she acted it to the life. She had no excuse for it all. She had simply tried her arts on Cousin Mark in the beginning as an experiment, and had struck fire where she had least expected. But she had had no end to gain in doing all the mischief she had done. Yet even now, when she saw the true state of matters, her shallower nature did not take in the sadder part of Mark's intensity, but assumed his "*affaire* to be one which he would get over as other men get over theirs," when the inevitable end has to come. Meanwhile, she counted the days and hours when her Perseus was to come and deliver her from the perils in which she had, of her own willful sin and folly, involved herself.

It came at last, and it was done. In the quietest and cleverest manner in the world, Laura gave the family the slip, and cheated them all round impartially; taking in both Mark and Captain Dormer—the one for vanity, and the other for selfishness. It was in the early morning that she went away. They were all busy in the fields or milking in the byre; and no one of the family saw her steal out through the empty kitchen and across the paved inclosure and down the narrow lane; only an old lame silly man, whom they kept for charity, and who was parcel blind and parcel deaf, wholly doited and practically dumb, saw t' young leddy go down the road. But he never let on, whatever he saw. It was no business of his, and it did not strike him as extraordinary or a thing he ought to tell. So Laura went down the lane and on to the moor; and when she had turned the corner of the road which hid Loanin' Head from view, there she found Captain Dormer waiting for her with a groom and a saddle-horse, and a riding-skirt and veil; which last evidences of thought and attention touched her more than all the rest.

Scarcely a word was spoken between the two as Laura was helped into her saddle, and away like an arrow loosened from its string. And before the canonical hours were over she was Captain Dormer's wife, and safe. Safer, so far as that went, than was he in the possession of a thousand a year, which he fondly believed he had gained as well as a pretty face, a slight figure, questionable breeding, no heart to speak of, an odd family connection, and an amount of duplicity which, when it came to be revealed, startled even him, man of the world as he was, among whose articles of belief were a profound contempt for women in general, and the frankest distrust in their virtues.

And before the canonical hours were over she had been missed at Loanin' Head and sought for.

Sought for, far and wide, before they found a small, daintily written note slipped beneath her toilet pincushion, as if she had wanted to delay the moment of discovery to the latest possible. It was Isabella who found the note. Peering about with the curiosity of a girl, she had turned up the pincushion to see how Miss Lowra had fastened on the lace and fringe, and, finding the note, carried it down stairs to her mother. Now Loanin' Head did not boast of much scholarship; and, among them all, Mark's was the best. Besides, Laura had been teaching him of late; and to him, therefore, the note was given.

The strong young man shook like a reed in the wind as he took it into his large hands and read to himself—what he had no voice to read aloud—the cruel words which dashed his cup of happiness to the ground, and broke it into fragments that could never be put together again.

"DEAR AUNT," it said,—"You will all be very angry with me, I know, and perhaps I ought to have told you, but I had not courage for it. I have run away to be married, to a gentleman I was engaged to before I left London, and that I thought had forgotten me. I did not dare to tell you; and I did not dare to refuse Mark when he offered to marry me, for fear you would find out. And then, as you are my guardian, you could have put me in prison and done all sorts of horrid things to me; so I thought it was better to accept Mark and let you all think I was in love with him, instead of with any body else, and then no one would get into trouble. Now I shall have a home of my own, and a protector, and so I shall not be afraid to see you. You know I could not have married Mark. The idea was ridiculous; but I am very sorry if I have made him unhappy, only I hope he will soon get over it, as I suppose he will in time. And then perhaps Phœbe Greystoke will console him. I shall be pleased to see you all when I have a house of my own, if you will ever care to come, which I don't suppose you will; and I will write to you again when I am settled. Your affectionate niece,
LAURA CALHOUN.

"P.S.—I wish you would send my boxes to the Carlisle Station, to be left till called for. They are all packed and ready, you see."

So there ended the play, and the curtain "rang down," leaving one of the audience, at least, with a broken heart and a blighted life.

Mark read the letter through to the end without fully understanding it. All he rightly gathered from it was, that she had gone. Gone away, and with some one else, and that she had never loved him. It was this which baffled him most. She had never loved him; why, then, had she feigned it? If it had not been for her enticements, would he ever have *dared?* He did not blame her; he loved her too well for that; he simply was bewildered at it all. He did not understand reasons or conditions, and he stood for a moment with the letter in his hand, gazing at it with a vacant stare, as if his mind had gone in the shock.

"What is't, Mark?" said Mattie, anxiously.

"Is she deid?" asked Isabella, in a low voice.

"She's gane," said Mark, in a wandering kind of manner. "Gane—to be wedded!"

"Mark, are ye mad?" shrieked Mattie. "What's that ye say? Wedded? Lowra? Wedded? and ye not the man?"

"An' I'se not the man," repeated Mark, quite quietly, but as if he did not understand his own words.

"Then may she be stricken deid this varra night!" said Mattie, lifting up her hands passionately. "She's been t' snake we've warmed iv our breasts; may she niver see t' day when she can be til ither as she's been til us!"

"Whisht, woman!" thundered Mark, starting to his feet. "Niver a word agin *her!* A' t' wrang lies wi' me, not wi' her. I suld ha' tellt she was ower-bonny, ower-gude for me, and thof she took t' warst way, she didn't mean it—she meant nobbut kindness!"

"Ye's maffled and bedoited, Mark," said Mattie, angrily. "I tell ye, lad, what's bred in t' bane 'll niver leave t' flesh. The mither was a bonny ane, but a bad un, and t' daughter's the marras of her mither!"

"Willt 'e haud thee noise, then?" shouted Mark. "I'd liefer ye put a pistol til me than speak as ye're doing of her. It's mair nor I can bide, mither! God help me! I'se ganging mad!"

He rushed from the kitchen with a sob that struck poor Mattie's heart like a death-knell, and in a few moments they saw him galloping wildly down the lane and across the moor to Carlisle.

That night Mark, half mad and more than half drunk, enlisted in the regiment stationed at Carlisle; the regiment in which Julius Dormer, Laura Calhoun's husband, was captain, but absent from to-day on a month's leave. And all that night, and all the next day, long and wearily waited the widow at Loanin' Head for that son who never returned, but who had vanished like a wraith from her sight, leaving no sign of his going.

It is not an unusual thing for north-country folk to be "off on the spree" for days, perhaps for weeks, at a time. Their families, though, generally know pretty well where they are; and, save the annoyance arising from their absence from work, and the useless expenditure of money, not much is thought or said about the escapade. The wife may resent it privately when the truant comes home; but the neighbors accept it as a quite natural occurrence, if less than commendable and even "a pity." When Mark, therefore, disappeared, Mattie, though she fretted sore, was not afraid. It never occurred to her to fear that he had done himself any injury; and as for enlisting—such an idea was far from the proud and honest land-owner. She remained, then, at Loanin' Head quietly, if dolefully, and trusted to time to bring all things round. It is a grand faith this of our brave and quiet northern folk! Time and patience do all with them, and man's free-will does not count for much. Still, she made inquiries all round, but heard nothing; for when Mark came to his senses, and found what he had done and where he was, he grimly concluded that the best thing for him was to abide by his wild act, and try to forget himself and his past in the new life of the barrack-yard.

It is not to our purpose to go into Mark's experiences as a private. Suffice it to say, he was duly examined, passed, set to drill, pronounced a fine fellow by the drill-sergeant, admirable raw material by the adjutant, "queer" by some of his comrades, and "stuck up" by others; while even the dullest saw that something more than ordinary affected him, and that, though he was only a countryman, he had never been a subordinate, and was in a sphere of thought and feeling different from any thing familiar to themselves. So time wore on, and the healthy hue of his handsome face gradually paled, and the grand proportions of his frame grew leaner and more angular, and the look of settled despondency in his eyes deepened into one of settled despair; and more than one indication showed a brain not quite securely balanced—only there was no one to read the signs, and no one who had any clew to the mystery of that sad maze in which he had lost home and happiness, love, station, self-respect, and—himself.

Captain Dormer's month's leave of absence had come to a close. For a month now Mark had been missing from Loanin' Head, as good as dead to Mattie and the farm; and Mattie's faith in time and patience had given way. The police had the affair in hand, but no one found the lost dalesman in the red-coated private who drilled assiduously in Carlisle Barracks, never asked leave to go out, never got drunk, told no one of his home or family, and kept himself as exclusive as if he had been a prince at the least. Still, they had the affair in hand; and they were stirring in it; and had come upon the traces of a bad job, as they suspected—a very ugly-looking mare's nest which they were diligently overhauling; and while Mark was going on with the goose-step, and "eyes left, eyes right," and Captain Dormer was installing himself and his pretty young wife in lodgings in the brave old city, the solemn police were puzzling over evidence which seemed to point to forgery, to murder, or to suicide, they didn't know exactly which, but to one or other if not all these offenses combined, of which they supposed the missing dalesman had been undoubtedly guilty.

It was a soft July day, when the evening sky was like a dome of opal, and the air was as misty as a soft spun veil; when the birds were singing with a glad yet subdued rejoicing; and those of the sons of men who were happy were doubly so for very harmony with all about them, and those who were unhappy were more miserable still, for the mockery which the universal peace seemed to bring their sorrow. It was evening band, and the officers and their wives were gathered round the stand. Among them was young Mrs. Dormer, the bride, about whose marriage strange stories had crept out, and how that it had been a runaway match, and a gallant rescue from certain grim oppressors who wished to marry her to a brute for the sake of her money—for she was an heiress—and how probably there would be a lawsuit, and a quite exciting social drama, all on account of her great fortune and her tyrannical legal oppressors; so that the little lady had entered the regimental world with the *prestige* of a romantic history, and the repute of wealth, as well as with the evidence of beauty, and a pretty if somewhat under-bred manner, which all could see for themselves.

She was in her glory. Surrounded by admiring faces—conscious that her toilet was what a Frenchman would call of the most ravishing description—really as yet sufficiently well pleased with her husband, with whom, however, she foresaw a squally future when some part of the truth should become known—she let the happy moments fill her with their own joy. Forgetting Cousin Mark and Aunt Mattie as entirely as though they had never existed—forgetting the heavy milliner's bill she had incurred, and her husband's confessed impecuniosity—forgetting the "awful row" there would be when Julius found out the truth, and that her whole fortune was one thousand pounds, and not one thousand per annum—she played her pretty part as the young bride to perfection, as she had played that of Mark's *fiancée* at Loanin' Head, and gathered up the hearts of the regiment in a very sheaf of adoration.

So they all sat and listened to the band, till the music came to an end and the listeners dispersed. Then Laura, leaning on her husband's arm, made a turn round the old square, and, in doing so, passed a group of privates ranged against the wall. She turned her head toward them, surveying them graciously, as one who did not disdain even the poor, and who wished them to share in the contemplation of her beauty equally with their betters.

Suddenly a cry, a shout, ran through the court-yard. One of the men rushed forward and seized her more frantically than roughly by the hand.

"Lowra! Lowra!" he said; "my ain love! my darling!"

What happened then no one was ever found who could exactly say. Blows were struck, a crowd gathered, the guard turned out, the young wife shrieked, the husband swore; and Mark, raving wild, and crying to her not to be afraid, he would come back to protect and claim her, was marched off to the prison cells; and before the morning broke the queen's shilling had brought into her service only a strong man stricken down with madness. There was no pretense of "brain fever" in his case; he was simply wildly and ungovernably mad; and Laura's trial came upon her sooner than she expected, and in a different form from what she had anticipated, as she found too late, when Aunt Mattie, who had got word at last of her son, walked into the barrack-yard and heard the whole story.

CHAPTER VI.

NEMESIS.

LAURA and her husband were sitting over their dessert. She had had great difficulty in persuading him that there was some mistake—that the mad private who had insulted her was not the cousin of whom she had spoken so bitterly, but a quite distant connection of her aunt's ("all these odd northern people are connected, you know—just like Scottish clans for that," she had said, disdainfully), and one whom she had seen only once or twice, and had never spoken to in her life. She was reckless, and beside herself with fear, the little lady, and ran her feet into a net that was to lame her for life, while thinking she was keeping clear of even gossamer threads.

Julius was more than doubtful, however, of the whole transaction. It looked odd, to say the least of it, and he was sulky and suspicious. But she had succeeded in bringing him round just a trifle to belief in her pleasant fictions, when a noise was heard on the stairs, and a woman's voice cried out, "I will see her! I will! She's my sister's bairn—my ain niece, and it's as much as yer life is worth to haud me back!"

The words were scarcely uttered before the door burst open, and Aunt Mattie, pale, fierce, and avenging, strode into the room. At sight of her Laura shrieked aloud, and tried to fly, but the old woman seized her by the arm and held her.

"An' ye are sittin' here wi' yer fine things aboot ye, an' my puir lad as ye've murdered is liggin doun in t' cells yonder," she said, "an' God doesn't strike ye dead?"

"Who is this woman?" asked Captain Dormer, loftily. "Laura, what *is* this strange mystery?"

"Mystery, ye ca' it? Mystery? Ay, ye're mebbe reet! T' mystery of iniquity, t' mystery of wickedness, that's what I ca' it! T' mystery of a bad heart as couldn't du better nor breck ane o' t' best as ever bet! What call hed ye to du it, lass? T' lad wanted nowt wi' ye till ye coorted him yersel. He wad niver hae lifted up his een til yer face gin ye hadn't amade him. Bella's tellt me mair nor I knew afore. Bella, she seed ye kiss him in Leddy Coppy, when ye was hoisted in his arms, and mony's the time she's watched and waited on ye, and seed ye carry on wid him mair kind nor modest. An' ye air her husband?" she continued, turning to Captain Dormer. "Tak t' woord o' ane wha kens her—she'll match ye! She'll play ye fause. She cooms o' fause bluid, tho' it's my ain father an' mither baith were her forbears; an' she's tied to gang t' same way as her ain minny. She's begun by deceiving me an' my lad, an' she'll end wi' ye!"

"Oh, Aunt Mattie, how can you be so cruel?" sobbed Laura, turning to her husband. "Hush! hush!"

But Captain Dormer put her aside. "Tell me," he said to Aunt Mattie, "is all this as you have said? Did my wife—your niece—did she, as you say, court your son?"

"As true as there's a God in heaven!" answered Mattie, raising her quivering hands with a passionate gesture. "They were promised, and were to wed. I niver liked it; but he—he was set on it, my bonny bairn! an' he was his ain master."

"You never liked it? Was not my wife's fortune sufficient temptation?"

"Her fortin! What fortin? Less nor a thusan' pund all told! We've gitten mair nor that in t' bank," she said, proudly.

"A thousand a year," repeated the captain.

"Havers! The lass hasn't a full thousand; an' sae I tell ye."

Then looking from each to each, the truth seemed to break upon her, for she cried out as if in sudden pain, and sat down in a chair trembling.

"An' it was for this my bonny bairn is in t' cells!" she wailed.

"Now, we will have this out," said Captain Dormer, sternly; and though Laura flung herself on her knees and sobbed aloud, and threatened to kill herself if it went on, her husband was immovable, and by degrees got from Mattie the whole of the bad and sorrowful story, and learned too clearly who and what it was that he had married with so much haste, such chivalrous determination to thwart the designing relative who held her captive.

It was not a pleasant moment for the captain. His wife the one time *fiancée* of a private in his own regiment—the niece of a broad-speaking farmer's wife—next to penniless where he had looked for a handsome dower—unscrupulous, untruthful, untrustworthy!—What had he got?" A trim waist, a pretty face, a pleasant manner, and that was all. Poor material for a life's wear, with such coarse and ugly threads through the fabric, where the need of beauty and perfection was greatest. However, bad as things were, they had to be accepted now; and though Perseus would have been glad to have now his Andromeda safe back to her old rock and devouring monster, the thing was impossible; and the only wisdom was to make the best of what was bad enough at the best, but wherein one had been to blame as well as the other. Only there are degrees in guilt, thought the captain when his conscience reproached him; and Laura's was so great it blotted his out of sight altogether.

It was not a difficult matter to buy poor Mark's release. Mattie was "warm" enough for that, without leaving herself or her family cold by the process; and after the necessary preliminaries had been gone through, the queen's defaced shilling's worth was released from his military confinement, and handed over to his friends, ruined, wretched, and undone. By degrees, however, with good care and nursing, the fever of his madness passed, and he was able to take his place again among them as of old, no longer like Walker's young god in fustian, but a silent, moody, miserable man, from whose life had gone all its sweetness, all its hope, and who lived in but one prayer—"Let me see her again," and "O God, grant me that I may befriend her before I die!"

Ten years had come and gone since Laura Calhoun had crossed the moor with Captain Dormer. Things had not changed much at Loanin' Head, save that inevitable change which comes with time. Mattie had grown old and sharper tempered than of yore; Isabella had passed from the stage of giggling girlhood into that of a staid and capable womanliness—she was keeping company now with young Greystoke, Phœbe's brother; and if that doesn't sober a lass, she used to say, nay then, nowt will! Mark was looking gaunt and old—prematurely old. The furrows in his face were as deep as those in a man of fifty; his thick, brown, curling hair was thin, and growing rapidly gray; his very gait was changed to the heavy, slouching step of a much older man than he was by years; and those light blue eyes of his, which once were so vacantly innocent, were full now of dreams and sorrow and yearning thoughts that never left him. So he followed on the slow, sad track of time, and waited—he never knew for what; but he waited, in a kind of dumb and patient hope that some day his reward would come. And if not his reward, then his release.

Work was done, and Mark was busy in the little garden that bloomed before the parlor window. Perhaps it was a little touch of pitiful madness still remaining, that he insisted on keeping up that garden in all the trimness and prettiness created for Laura's pleasure. It was his one sole amusement, poor fellow; and even Mattie, to whom the girl's name and memory were accursed, could not find it in her heart to interfere, or try to prevent what she saw was such a solace, albeit perhaps a dangerous, and decidedly a morbid one. But, indeed, Mark was more difficult to do with in these later years than he had been in earlier times—more impatient, more headstrong, and less affectionate and reasonable. It was his mind, Mattie said in excuse, when he had been more difficult than ordinary; and so the trouble passed, and the end was ever the same—he had his own way.

Always at the same hour he used to go into the little garden and work among the flowers. If it was nothing more than tying up a heavy-headed carnation, or pulling out a downy "clock" or a rampant bit of bird-weed, it was sufficient to give him pleasure from the sense of keeping up Miss Lowra's garden, with which he associated all the sweetness of his past. And this calm, still July evening he was working in the little plot as usual, his thoughts traveling back over this long blank of ten years—ten? they were more than a hundred would be to some—those blessed ones who have never passed through the fire to have their youth burned out of them.

Slowly, painfully, crossing the moor while Mark worked in the garden, came a weary, shabbily dressed woman in widow's weeds, holding a child in each hand—a woman who might have been a beggar of the better sort, she was so shabbily attired, and bore so unmistakably the marks of want. The children, too, were wan and thin, with the keen eyes of constant hunger looking sharply about them for the chance of finding something to eat—it was so long since they had tasted food! They were too listless to be irritable, too well accustomed to their misery to be importunate; they knew that mamma was poor, and had not any thing for them, and so, with the terrible wisdom of experience, they accepted want and cold and hunger as their inevitable portion, though they sometimes wondered why they did not have as much bread as other children had, and if they would ever eat a good dinner by the grace of fairy fortune, as they read of in story-books. Perhaps nothing but the children's need would have sent that miserable woman across the moor and up the lane to Loanin' Head, to ask for bread at the door of those whom she had so terribly wronged.

The evening shades were lengthening, and the weary steps of the woman drew nearer. At the beginning of the narrow high-hedged lane she stopped and sat down on a stone by the way-side. How well she remembered the day she had sat there in the June sunshine, plucking the petals from a daisy one by one, and waiting for her Fate! It had come as she waited, and what had it brought her? From her own deception had sprung mistrust, angry words, and gradual indifference, soon reaching out to mutual hatred. Captain Dormer, disappointed and angry, had done as many men besides him have done—flown to gambling and drink, and all manner of coarse and fierce excitements, as the best means he could devise for forgetting his anxieties.

From bad to worse is but an easy step, and he had made it; and between vice and crime there is but the glance of an eye, the pause of a minute; and he had gone beyond both. When the warrant was made out which ordered his arrest on the charge of forgery, and when the constable came to take him, Julius knew then that the game was up, and that his misspent life had come to an end. It was a catastrophe he had foreseen and provided for—a catastrophe which a small bottle of prussic acid ended with less circumlocution than a legal process. And, all things considered, perhaps it was the best he could do. His death left Laura absolutely penniless; and misery having few friends, she too, poor soul, had sunk step by step, till now, as we have seen, she had come to absolute hunger, and a stage not far removed from beggary.

Then she bethought herself of her relations, and for her children's sake humbled her pride so far as to decide on crossing that well-known moor and asking help from those she had injured. It was a heavy trial, but she undertook it; and perhaps, in the self-suppression necessary for the effort, she gained something more of nobleness than she had yet known. But indeed her sorrows had infinitely purified her. She could not shut her eyes to the fact that she and she alone had wrought all this misery to every one. And this, not by the necessity of fate, but of her own freely willed wickedness, her own falsehood, selfishness, and treachery. And seeing all this, and the havoc she had wrought—her heart being opened, too, by reason of her motherhood—the "joy in heaven" which is there over one sinner that repenteth, had place for Laura; and the woman, sad, foot-sore, hungry, who sat on the way-side stone and prayed, was a far nobler being than the bright, bewitching girl who had played with an honest heart for very wantonness, and wrecked two lives for selfish vanity and greed.

The sun was sinking, the children were hungry, and she must up and to the bitter end. Faltering and faint she walked slowly down the lane, and so through the paved yard and to the kitchen door.

Mattie was sitting by the fireside, half dozing over her knitting; Isabella was away in the croft with young Greystoke; Mark was tying up the flowers in his "lady garden," when Laura and her two children stood on the threshold, and humbly knocked at the door.

"Who's yon!" said Mattie, rousing herself and speaking in a startled voice. The dog, too, was barking, and the frightened children began to cry, and clung to their mother.

"Dang ye, ye noisy brute, gie ower!" said Mattie to the dog: to the children—"Whisht, bairns! he'll not mell on ye! What's yer wanting?" she continued, getting up and coming to the door.

Laura laid her hand on her arm. "Aunt, do you not know me?" she said, very quietly, very sadly. "I am not worthy to come to you, but my children are starving!"

"Ye! is it ye, Lowra?" shrieked the old woman, starting back. "I cursed ye ance; I curse ye now again! Frae my hoos, Lowra! ye've broughten sorrow and ill enow here afore!"

Laura shrank back as her aunt came close upon her with uplifted hand and a kind of solemn wrath upon her face. Her first impulse was to turn and fly, but the maternal love which had brought her so far kept her to her task. She pointed to her children, and said, in a low voice, "Not for my sake, aunt, but for theirs—they have done no ill!"

Mattie turned away with a great sob. True woman as she was, the appeal for the little ones was more than she could bear. "They's dune nae ill, i' faith!" she muttered. "Puir weans!—starving—eh, lile Ruth! an' here's plenty!"

The slow stride of a man came round the house side. "What's a' the stour?" he said. "Mither, what's to do?"

He looked at the unknown widow standing with bent head and drooping figure by his door—at the pale, thin, frightened children. "Is it meat she wants, an' are ye denying?" he asked. "Shame on ye! gie it, mither, an' t' lile uns too. They look as if they needed it!"

At the sound of his well-known voice, Laura covered her face in her hands; then, with an effort, she lifted up her head, and their sad eyes met.

It was with scarcely so much surprise as sorrow that he saw her. Day by day, and night after night, he had thought of her, so intensely, so vividly, that it would never have been matter of surprise if his thought had taken shape and she had suddenly stood before him. But he had always thought of her as she was—as the bright, young, bewitching creature, whose loveliness and grace had been nigh angelic to his rougher humanity. He had never thought of her as he saw her now—shrunken, bowed, pale, and poor, a suppliant where she had been a queen. With no touch of the old art, but with a sudden outburst of passionate remorse, of pity for him too, old and changed as he was, of pity for herself, of anguish for her children, Laura flung herself at her cousin's feet.

"Mark! Mark! can you forgive me?" she sobbed, lifting up her tearful face to his in pitiful despair.

"Eh! not thier, my leddy lass! Lowra, not thier!" cried Mark, lifting her up and holding her to his heart. "Here in my arms—to my heart, my lass! Nae! what it's a' yer ain. Ye are mine, an' I love ye! An' ye've come back to thy ain, my lass! God! but I'se thank ye for this day!"

He said no more. With a heavy sigh he tottered backward and fell; and for many a long day yet to come poor Mark Todhunter was holden between life and death, and none knew which way the balance would turn.

It came right at last. Care and love got him through, and Laura won back her aunt's love by her devotion to the man whose life she had so nearly destroyed. The doctor himself said that Mrs. Dormer's nursing had been worth more than all his drugs; and Laura used to look something like her girlish self for joy when he said so. By the autumn-time Mark was fully reestablished, and by autumn-time Isabella went to church with young Greystoke: and when she had flitted, then Mark spoke again, and Laura, with a flash of her old spirit—and yet, how changed!—stole softly up to him, and, putting her arm caressingly round his neck, said in a loving whisper, "If you love me, Mark, I love you, and will be your good and true little wife to the end of our days."

"The Lord bless thee, my leddy lass! Eh, but I knew thee was t' best as iver trod!" said Mark, with a fervor, a passionate tenderness that smote on her heart as only such forgiveness, such trust can do, when we have been unworthy, and are conscious now and sorry for our sin.

So the tender little flower of happiness, which had been so nearly cut down forever, blossomed up from its roots once more. The joy that the angels felt for the repentant sinner was repeated in this quiet Cumberland home; and Mark, married to Laura as she was—sinful, sorrowful, and with all the glory of her youthful beauty dimmed—was a far happier man, and with a nobler home-life than would have been, had not her sin led her through sorrow to repentance, and a truer knowledge of the real worth of human life. Fustian, farm-work, rude speech, and hands with the marks of toil never wholly washed away, were nothing compared to the love, the honesty, the noble truth, the infinite tenderness, the unselfish forgiveness of that loyal heart. And it was by Heaven's grace that she who once, shallow, vain, and worldly, had been unable to appraise any of these things at their true value, to whom life had been merely amusement, finery, and superficial gentility, was now brought to a knowledge of how far beyond the form is the spirit, how far greater than society is the MAN.

PAUPER LORDS.

It is certainly no disgrace for lords to earn their living. It is honorable to them if thereby they maintain themselves independent of help from others. It is praiseworthy if they simply pursue "business" for the sake of the knowledge and experience to be derived from it. No one will think the worse of the son of the Duke of Argyll who is, or was, in a mercantile house in Liverpool. Sons of peers have gone to humbler vocations than that. In the *Annual Register* for the year 1802 there is the following singular paragraph: "The sons of a noble earl, one of whom was breeding for a bricklayer and the other a tanner, have been lately seduced from their employments by their sister, to the great mortification of their father, who is disappointed in his favorite scheme." The earl here alluded to was, we believe, the third Earl of Stanhope, who died in 1816. When he was a republican he felt the absurdity of bearing a hereditary title. He accordingly abandoned that of earl, took the arms from his carriage, and called himself plain Mr. Stanhope. In course of time he changed his views, and took to his earldom again. As a statesman he is chiefly known in connection with a money bill. In 1811 his motion was adopted, whereby passing guineas for more and bank-notes for less than their real value was strictly prohibited!

The Earl of Stanhope lived in revolutionary times, when murder was patriotism, and thieves thought that a liberal distribution of property would save them the trouble of thieving. As every Hebrew in the olden time, however noble, learned a trade, so the earl seems to have concluded that, to meet an extreme contingency, his sons had better know how to lay bricks and prepare leather than how to shoot snipes. Lords so often become bankrupts that the idea of their sons turning to handicrafts is not an uncommon one among republicans. When the present Marquis of Westminster was Lord Grosvenor he was traveling through the United States. He happened to be one day at a station in the West waiting for a train. A Western farmer addressed him thus:

"Bin about these parts consid'able, stranger?"

"Yes; for some length of time."

"Like 'em pretty well, eh?"

"Yes; pretty well."

"How long have yer bin here?"

"A few weeks."

"What's yer business?"

"I have no business."

"What are yer travelin' for, then?"

"Only for my pleasure."

"Don't yer do any business? How d' yer get yer livin', then?"

"It isn't necessary for me to work for my support. My father is a man of property, and gives me an allowance sufficient for my wants."

"But s'pose the old man should die?"

"In that case I dare say he'd leave me enough to live upon."

Then came the supreme supposition made by the farmer: "But s'pose he should bust up?"

The idea of such a destructive explosion on the part of a peer whose income, according to popular legend, is £1000 a day, Sundays included, was nothing strange to the farmer, though it may have set Lord Grosvenor a-thinking.

Whether the above popular estimate be accurate or not is not much to the question. It is, probably, not far out. But observe what changes have come over incomes of great peers since the seventeenth century. At the close of that era John Holles, Duke of Newcastle, was accounted by Burnet as being the richest peer that had been in England for ages. His revenue amounted to £40,000 a year. At that time the Grosvenors were not in the peerage at all. They were, indeed, of better blood than that made up of Holles, Cavendish, Pelham, and Clinton. They were knights in the old Norman period. The baronetcy dates only from 1622. The first step in the peerage was made little more than a hundred years ago. Since that time they have fairly risen to the state and condition of princes, while Clinton and the Newcastle dignity have come down to the dust. How sadly the old name has been dragged through the mire, the bankruptcy and police courts, and one court-martial! One can not see the fall of a historic house without pain, or, in this case, without something more than pain. One circumstance is worthy of note. When the duke was lately before the public in connection with the Bankruptcy Court, his debts were said to amount to £300,000. If Burnet were alive he would have to say that it is the largest sum for which an English peer ever failed. So far the failure was a distinction. Incidents, however, repeat themselves. It was said of the second Duke of Buckingham, "In squandering wealth was his peculiar art." He was "beggared by fools;" and, as Dryden adds, "He had his jest, and they had his estate." A later Duke of Buckingham impoverished himself in a less blamable fashion. We allude to the duke who entertained the fugitive Bourbon royal family with such profuse hospitality that they and their followers drained his exchequer and burdened him with debt. He had, moreover, lived with princely magnificence. His expenditure in the luxuries of art and literature was enormous. The munificent spirit with which he treated the Bourbons, however, was an addition that even his income could not bear. When he visited Paris neither Louis XVIII. nor Charles X. took the slightest notice of the obligation they had incurred. Those ungrateful Bourbons would not even condescend to confer

> "on the noble old soul
> A ribbon and cross for his best button-hole."

There is something pathetic in the way the duke tells in his diary of the last moments spent by the duchess and himself at Stowe. Through the evening, and till the midsummer moon was riding in the sky, they lingered about the portals of their paradise. "At last we came to the flower garden......She burst out into a violent fit of tears, in which I participated without saying a word. In this manner she went through the two gardens, and left them in silent sorrow. I gave her a rose which I gathered out of the garden as we passed; and I know that she treasured up the last gift. I never thought that she loved this place so much, to make her grieve so much about leaving it."

A NOBLE SALAD-MIXER.

When many of the French nobility were refugees in England during the first years of that revolution of '93, which has not yet come to an end; they found various ways of living. The most singular man (as well as the most singular way of life on the part of a refugee) was the noble Chevalier D'Aubigné. In the deepest of his distress he was asked by an English friend to dine at a tavern. At that time the English used to eat lettuce just as they now do water-cress, with a little salt, and nothing else. D'Aubigné took the lettuce that was placed on the table, and proceeded to make a salad after the fashion of his country. The other guests in the room curiously watched the work and the artist. They snuffed up the refreshing air of a *mayonnaise*, and when the Chevalier and his friend had consumed the delicious mixture with an air of intense satisfaction, a guest from another table approached the former, and said: "Sir, it is well known that salad is made properly only by your great nation. Would it be too much to ask of your courtesy to mix one for me and the three other gentlemen at yonder table?" The Chevalier accordingly assented. He went over, mixed the salad to their taste, made himself the while as agreeable as the salad, and just intimated, by the way, that he was a noble refugee without means of buying for himself what he mixed so well for others. The chief of the guests whom he had thus served pressed his hand at parting, and left a guinea in it. A golden idea was dropped at the same moment into the Chevalier's brain; he gave his address to the donor of the guinea. The meaning thereof was thoroughly understood. A few days later D'Aubigné received a letter, inviting him to repair to a ducal mansion for the purpose of preparing a salad for a large dinner-party, as it was understood it was his profession to do. D'Aubigné presented himself with alacrity, and when the task was completed he asked five pounds for the achievement. That completed the conviction of the party that he was an invaluable artist in salads. He could scarcely answer the calls made upon him. In a brief space of time he was to be seen in a little carriage, with an attendant, in whose care was a mahogany case containing separate ingredients for the concocting of various sorts of salads according to different tastes and requirements. Subsequently he sold similar cases as fast as he could supply them, with instructions, for the benefit of patrons at a distance. Fortune, in short, rolled in upon him. He was a saving and a prudent man. The Chevalier put away eighty thousand francs by salad-making! Sixty thousand of that sum he invested in the funds when he returned to his native country. With the other twenty thousand he bought a castle and an estate—that is to say, of course, a country cottage and a garden—and lived at least as happily as if he had made it all by bloodshed and pillage in war.